

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XLVIII. }

No. 2102.—October 4, 1884.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXIII. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Part II.,	<i>National Review</i> ,	3
II. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "Lady Bell," etc. Part XIII.,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	10
III. CONCERNING CHILI,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	22
IV. MITCHELHURST PLACE. Part VIII.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	29
V. THE DAWN OF THE NEW ITALY,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	36
VI. PICTURES FROM AN ISLAND; OR, A SUMMER ON THE BALTIC,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	49
VII. MOUNT CARMEL. Part II.,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	56
VIII. BYRON'S NEWSTEAD. Part II.,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	59
IX. LANDSCAPE GARDENING IN THE PARKS,	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> ,	63

POETRY.

AN EPISTLE TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY,	2	EVENING ON THE LAKE,	2
		THE SONG OF THE SEA,	2

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

EVENING ON THE LAKE.

UPON the mountain-top the purple tints
Faded into mist ; and the rich golden glow
Of the low-setting sun sinks to a gray
Subdued and tender.

Home the eagle hies,
Swift to his eyrie, his broad pinions stretched,
Bearing him onwards, seeming motionless
The while with rapid wing he cleaves the air,
As ship the waters : now the grousecock crows
On heathered knoll his vesper lullaby
To his dear mate.

And from the silver lake,
Cradled in mountain setting, echoing comes,
With rippling music on the air, the plash
Of dipping oars ; and voices deep and low,
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break
The evening silence.

Grand indeed it is
To be amid these mountain solitudes ;
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,
Soothing the spirit — stealing o'er the heart
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,
And making the most worldly man to feel
That there is over earth a higher heaven.

Chambers' Journal.

AN EPISTLE TO

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY,

August 29, 1884.

SIR,

As Age by Age, thro' fell Enchantment
bound,
The Heroe of some antient Myth is found,
Wild Rocks about him, at the fierce Sea's
Brim,
And all his World an Old-Wives' Tale but
him,
His Garments, cast upon th' inclement Shoar,
Such as long since our Grandsires' Grandsires
wore,
While all his Gestures and his Speech pro-
claim
Him great Revealer of forgotten Fame, —
Such, Oh ! Musician, dost thou seem to be
To us who con th' Augustan Age by thee,
Who hearken to thy Verse, to learn thro' it
How DRYDEN to illustrious ORMOND writ,
Or in thy fil'd and polisht Numbers hope
To catch the Secret of the Art of POPE ;
Ah ! subtil Skill ! Ah ! Bard of dying fires,
Let us but lose thee, and a Race expires ;
As long as thou dost keep this Treasure thine
Great ANNA'S Galaxy has Leave to shine.
Thou who do'st link us with that elder Day
When either QUEENSBERRY made Court to
GAY,
Thro' all the Thunders of romantick Times,
Thro' Reefs of monstrous Quips and Shoals of
Rhimes,

We've steer'd at last, and, like Ships long at
Sea,
Our Latest-Born sail home to Grace and thee ;
Home-ward they sail, and find the World they
left

Of all but thee, yet not of thee bereft ;
Still in thy pointed Wit their Souls explore
Familiar Fields where CONGREVE rul'd before ;
Still in thy human Tenderness they feel
The honest Voice and beating Heart of
STEELE.

Long be it so ; may Sheaf be laid on Sheaf
Ere thy live Garland puts forth its *Last Leaf* ;
As in old Prints, long may we see, in Air,
Thy *Guardian Angel* hover o'er thy Hair ;
Still may the *Table*, where our Fathers sat
To eat of Manna, hold its *Autocrat* ;
Since surely none of all the Blest can be
Home-sick in Heav'n, as we on Earth, for thee.

And Oh ! whil'st o'er th' embattl'd Craggs afar
Thy practis'd Eyes gaze down the Gorge of
War,

Where thro' the blinding Dust and Heat we
fight

Against the Brazen-Helm'd Amalekite,
At Height of Noon, Oh ! lift up both those
Hands

To urge new Virtue thro' our fainting Bands,
And when we feel our Sinews nerv'd to strike
Envy and Errour, Shame and Sloth, a-like,
We'll say 'tis well that, while we battle thus,
Our MOSES stands on high 'twixt Heav'n and
us.

SIR,

Your Most Humble, Most Obedient
Servant,
EDMUND GOSSE.

29, Delamere Terrace, London, W.

Athenæum.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

RESTLESS, mysterious heart of the ocean,
Grandest of lyres ever swept by the wind,
How does it answer each varied emotion
That thrills through the turbulent heart of
mankind.

Hast thou not heard it, the song of the sea,
When the wide waters lie sunlit and calm ?
True to the might of a changeless decree,
It girdles the earth with a jubilant psalm.
Wave-hidden treasure, it whispers your vanity ;
Thunders of God where the rolling clouds
form ;

Tempest tossed, echoes the cry of humanity,
Wakened by passions as wild as the storm.
Wonderful voice, never still, never tiring,
While to oblivion centuries sweep,
Always the praise of Omnipotence quiring,
Whose spirit first moved on the face of the
deep ;

Not until time hath attained its duration,
Not till the end of the finite shall be,

Not until doom overtaketh creation,
May sink into silence the song of the sea.
Leisure Hour. SYDNEY GREY.

From The National Review.
THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH
LITERATURE.

II.*

THE CONSERVATISM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I WOULD ask the reader who follows my argument to consider that it rests on two assumptions. The first is, that poetry is a *social* art; that the creations of the greatest poets are not mere isolated conceptions of their individual minds, but are the products of influences which are felt by all their contemporaries, though the poet alone has the power of expressing them. "There must," says Shelley, "be a resemblance which does not depend on their own will between all the writers of any particular age. They cannot escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is in a degree the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded. Thus the tragic poets of the age of Pericles; the Italian revivers of ancient learning; those mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser, the dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth, and Lord Bacon; the colder spirits of the interval that succeeded: all resemble each other and differ from every other in their several classes. And this is an influence from which neither the meanest scribbler nor the sublimest genius of any era can escape; and which I have not attempted to escape." The second assumption is that the general spiritual imagination of society, which is the source of all poetry, is less free in a refined than in a rude age, just as the imagination is far more at liberty in each of us during childhood and youth than after we have acquired the judgment and experience of mature life. Wordsworth illustrates this truth by two very beautiful images. One is in the "Ode to Immortality:"—

Heaven lies about us in our Infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.

The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

And he expresses the regret which so many experience in a period of materializing science when they look back upon the ages of free and simple imagination:—

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

It is obvious that a remarkable evolution, alike in the imaginative life of the individual and in that of society, is described or suggested in these lines. Yet although both assumptions are thus severally supported by the authority of two of the greatest poets of the present century (in the face, it is true, of Wordsworth's own critical theory), although Plato, in his dialogues, insists over and over again on the essential antagonism between science and imagination, although I was most careful to disavow all sympathy with Macaulay's pessimist doctrine that "as civilization advances, *poetry* necessarily declines," the opinions I expressed in the last paper written on the subject in this review, were assailed in many Radical quarters as novel, heretical, perverse, and depressing. A very practical proof was thus afforded that Conservatives are much more in sympathy, than are Radicals, with the scientific doctrine of evolution. It is natural that it should be so. Life, in the Radical view, is simply change; and a Radical is ready to promote every caprice or whim of the numerical majority of the moment in the belief that the change which it effects in the constitution of society will bring him nearer to some ideal state existing in his own imagination. Life, according to the Conservative belief, on the other hand, is growth, and all real growth must be continuous. Thus Conservatism, in whatever sphere, consists in

* LIVING AGE, No. 2095.

preserving and expanding the stream of traditional national life which has come down to us from our fathers. Conservatism, in politics, as Burke says, bids us act upon the maxim, "never wholly or at once to depart from antiquity." Conservatism in art and literature, if we are to believe Sir Joshua Reynolds, lies in discovering the principles that inspired the great masters of early times, and in applying them to our own circumstances. "It is from a careful study of the works of the ancients," says he, "that you will be enabled to attain to the real simplicity of nature; they will suggest many observations that would probably escape you if your study were confined to nature alone. And, indeed, I cannot help suspecting that in this instance the ancients had an easier task than the moderns. They had probably little or nothing to unlearn, as their manners were nearly approaching to this desirable simplicity; while the modern artist, before he can see the truth of things, is obliged to remove a veil with which the fashion of the times has thought proper to cover her." Here we have an expression of the true doctrine of Conservative evolution.

In this sense the eighteenth century, which is the subject of the present paper, seems to me to have played a highly Conservative part in the history of English religion, politics, art, and literature. To many, no doubt, the statement will sound paradoxical. The eighteenth century has been constantly represented to us in modern criticism as the pioneer of the great revolution in thought and manners, which has been proceeding on the Continent since 1789, and which has, of course, exercised an important influence on our own history. But, as far as England is concerned, I think it may be demonstrated that the mission of the eighteenth century was to provide a safe mode of transition from the manners of mediæval to those of modern society. Suppose, for a moment, that this century was eliminated from our history, and that we were obliged to carry back our thought, without halting-place, to the ideas and sentiments embodied in Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," the "Faery Queen," or the fashionable metaphysical

poetry of the seventeenth century; would any plain man hesitate to acknowledge that though, in other points besides language, he could detect a certain kinship and sympathy between past and present, yet that they were divided from each other by a wide gulf of imagination and sentiment? But fill in the gap with the eighteenth century, and we feel not only that, in spite of obvious superficial divergencies of taste and perception, we and they occupy a common intellectual ground, but also that, looking back on the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, through the light of the eighteenth, the nature of many of the sympathies which we are dimly conscious of sharing with those ages, is explained by modifications of manners effected in the intermediate period. The natural inference is that the eighteenth century, far from being a time of destruction and revolution, was a necessary link in a long chain of historic national development.

To discuss adequately the Conservatism of the eighteenth century would be the work of a volume rather than of a magazine article. I can but indicate or suggest what appears to me to be the general "lie" of the ground, and illustrate my view by reference to the opinions of some of the most representative Englishmen of the century. For the purposes of my argument the great point to remember is that there has been no breach in the continuity of our social development. Though our annals are sufficiently stained with violence and bloodshed, though we have never shrunk from settling with the sword differences too radical to be composed with the tongue, we have never cut ourselves off, after the manner of France at the end of the last century, from the sources of our historical life. We have, therefore, as yet experienced no convulsions arising out of the complete separation between Church and State; till recently there has been no wide-spread confiscation of property; no one has yet called for a Code Napoleon. If the Reformation produced sharp conflicts in consequence of the dispute about the headship of the Church, the life-blood of the patriarchal system continued to circulate

almost as quietly as it circulated in the days of the "Canterbury Tales." A violent collision between the extreme principles of monarchy and republicanism no doubt overthrew, for a short period, the constitution in Church and State; but society remained unimpaired, and, finding itself completely out of harmony with the order that had been imposed on it, restored the old Constitution in 1660 and defined it in 1688. It can scarcely be doubted that the continuity of tradition has been thus preserved, because the best minds in the nation have enlisted themselves in the cause of order, and have made it the object of their deepest study how to reconcile this with the claims of rational liberty. If, therefore, we can see how Butler, for instance, sought to advance the cause of Christianity in his age, how Burke interpreted the Constitution, and how Pope developed the traditions of English poetry, we shall have a fairly clear conception of the nature of English Conservatism, religious, political, and literary, in the eighteenth century. It may be objected that it is fantastic to look for a common principle running through so many different spheres of activity. But it appears to me that in all of them the same intellectual tendency may be traced — namely, an instinctive acknowledgment of the truth that all spiritual, political, and artistic development must proceed in conformity with an ancestral *law*, the authority of which is not to be questioned, and which must be frankly obeyed by every individual who wishes to be completely free.

To begin with Butler, whose attitude in this respect often causes his reasoning to be misunderstood. The modern assailants of Christianity assume that ever since the Renaissance an intellectual movement has been going on which has little by little been undermining the cause of revealed religion. The Reformation, they argue, took away so much; the eighteenth century destroyed so much more; the fall of the fortress before the historical and scientific criticism of modern days is inevitable. Singularly enough they point to the attitude of the great divines of the eighteenth century as evidence in favor of

their argument. Look at Butler, they say; it is plain that he has the depressed air of a beaten man; the low ground on which he rests his arguments is a proof of what we say. Who would believe in a *probable* God? And, of course, it is undeniable that Butler's whole method of argument gives a handle to any one who chooses to reason in this captious and superficial manner. Such an opportunity is obviously offered in the following typical passage:—

The evidence of religion then being admitted real, those who object against it as not satisfactory, *i.e.*, as not being what they wish it, plainly forget that this is the very condition of our being; for satisfaction, in this sense, does not belong to such a creature as man.

Only a man, urges the agnostic philosopher, who is conscious that he has very little to say for himself, would resort to a pessimistic argument in defence of such a high matter as revealed religion. But those who argue like this show a strange inability to recognize the relative strength of their own and their adversary's position. They seem to regard Christianity merely as a speculative system which must stand or fall on purely intellectual grounds. But as a matter of fact the vast power of Christianity is derived from a practical and moral source. It is in *possession* of men's souls and spirits. Nineteen centuries have established its dominion over the conscience of the greatest nations of the world. The members of those nations have had their moral ideas formed in infancy on the assumption of the truth of Revelation, long before it is possible for them to examine the testimony by which the authority of Revelation is supported. The opponents of Christianity must therefore undermine the *conscience* of Christendom, before they can hope to weaken materially the belief in the divine authority of revealed religion. The burden of proof lies with them. And of this fact the defenders of Christianity have always shown themselves to be perfectly aware. As they have been, naturally, men of ardent piety and devotion, the real argument that has weighed with them has been the spiritual experience of mankind. They see the neces-

sity, no doubt, of defending the credibility of the testimony by which the truth of Revelation is established. On the other hand, they know that it is not incumbent on them to persuade the Christian world of the truth of Revelation, but rather on their adversaries to prove its falsehood, and that this is a physical impossibility. The moral obligations imposed by Christianity on the conscience can never, therefore, be disregarded. "Religion," says Butler, "is a practical thing, and consists in such a determinate course of life, as being what, there is reason to think, is commanded by the Author of Nature." Relying, then, on the strength of their moral and spiritual position, Christian writers have often made use of intellectual weapons calculated to give their adversaries wrong ideas as to their belief. Jeremy Taylor, in his "Liberty of Prophesying," employs a purely sceptical line of argument in order to establish the right of freely interpreting Scripture. Locke, in his "Reasonableness of Christianity," followed a course of reasoning which Toland afterwards developed into an argument for Deism. As for Butler, no one who reads the following passage can mistake, except designedly, the purpose of the "Analogy:"—

I desire it may be considered with respect to the whole of the foregoing objections, that in this Treatise I have argued upon the principles of others, not of my own; and have omitted what I think true and of the utmost importance, because by others thought unintelligible or not true. Thus I have argued upon the principles of the Fatalists, which I do not believe; and have omitted a thing of the utmost importance which I do believe—the moral fitness or unfitness of actions prior to all will whatever; which I apprehend as certainly to determine the Divine conduct, as speculative truth and falsehood necessarily determine the Divine judgment.

Put into a summary form, what I may, I hope without offence, call the Conservative position of the Anglican divines of the eighteenth century seems to be something of this kind: The fact that the Christian law, eighteen hundred years after its institution, continues to exercise a living power over the conscience of men, is the highest proof that can be afforded of its divine origin. But this divine authority is denied by some on purely speculative grounds: let us, therefore, meet them on the grounds of speculation, and test the arguments on which they rely, so that, by proving their unsoundness, we may deprive them of the

right of resisting the claims of conscience by the voice of so-called reason. "The design of this Treatise," says Butler, speaking at the conclusion of his "Analogy," "is not to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men; it is not to justify his providence, but to show what belongs to us to do."

If we turn from religion to the sphere of politics, probably every one will readily allow Burke to be the best representative that could be selected of the broad Conservatism of the eighteenth century. He is the most eminent of the Whigs or moderate Liberals before the French Revolution. Since that epoch there has been a constant tendency in the leaders of the Whig party to gravitate towards Revolutionary Radicalism. They have shown the greatest ingenuity in appropriating to their faction abstract principles, as when Fox drank to "The Sovereignty of the People," and his successors to "The cause for which Hampden perished in the field, and Sidney on the scaffold." Such Platonic enthusiasm is harmless enough, so long as it is confined to animating the Liberal party to exertions sufficient to turn out the Tories when they happen to be in power. But now that it is being employed to persuade the people of the congenital virtue of the Liberals, and the inbred wickedness of the Tories, it is well to remember that old-fashioned Whiggism was something fundamentally different in character from anything that at present disguises itself under the name. Whiggery, in Burke's days, meant simply adherence to the principles of the Revolution of 1688, and the Whig party meant the connection of noblemen and gentlemen associated in Parliament to control the still preponderant power of the crown. And because it meant this, and only this, there was scarcely a Tory statesman or writer of distinction in the eighteenth century who would have hesitated, as far as principle was concerned, to call himself a Whig. Oxford and Bolingbroke, as well as Pitt and Canning, started in their political careers in connection with the Whig party; Bolingbroke avowedly bases his political theories on the old Whig principles; Swift, long after writing his "Examiners," declares that he is still, what he always was, a Whig of the Revolution settlement; Pope bitterly denounces Walpole in glowing lines which Warton declares to be the incarnation of Whiggism. What, then, made it so easy for rival statesmen in the last century to occupy common ground of principle? Two or

three passages from Burke will set the matter in the plainest light.

In the 1st of William and Mary [says he] in the famous statute called the Declaration of Right, the two houses utter not a syllable of "a right to frame a government for themselves." You will see that their whole case was to secure the religion, laws, and liberties that had been long possessed, and had been latterly endangered. "Taking into their most serious consideration the best means for making such an establishment, that their religion, laws, and liberties might not be in danger of being again subverted," they auspicate all their proceedings, by stating as some of those best means, "in the first place to do as their ancestors in like cases have usually done for vindicating their antient rights and liberties, to declare;" and then they pray the king and queen "that it may be declared and enacted, that all and singular the rights and liberties asserted and declared are the true antient and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this kingdom."

You will observe [Burke continues] that from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our Constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity, as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our Constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown, an inheritable peerage, and a House of Commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

And again:—

We wished at the period of the Revolution, and do now wish, to derive all we possess as an *inheritance from our forefathers*. Upon that body and stock of inheritance we have taken care not to inoculate any scion alien to the nature of the original plant. All the reformations we have hitherto made have proceeded upon the principle of reference to antiquity; and I hope, nay, I am persuaded, that all those which possibly may be made hereafter, will be carefully formed upon analogical precedent, authority, and example.

There is not a syllable in these utterances to which a modern Conservative would not cheerfully subscribe. But how many leagues away do they carry us from the Liberal-Radicalism now crying out for the abolition of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, because it appeals to the people against the arbitrary will of the dominant faction in a House of Commons which is approaching the term of its constitutional existence!

It may seem at first a more difficult and obscure matter to trace the Conserva-

tive movement, distinctive of the eighteenth century, in its literature; but I think that a little consideration will show it to be very visible in the work of Pope, whom I have chosen as the natural representative of the poetry of the period. If we go back to the poetry of Chaucer, we find very clearly shown in it the beginnings of two separate streams of inspiration, each of which may be traced in a distinct course through the history of our literature, the poetry of romance and the poetry of manners. The former had its source in the institutions of chivalry and in mediæval theology. It makes its first appearance in many of the "Canterbury Tales," and in poems like "The Romance of the Rose" and "The Flower and the Leaf;" it runs strongly through our national ballad poetry; it attains a large and noble flow in the "Faery Queen," and then, wasting itself among the refinements and gallantries of the seventeenth century, may be said to run underground till it reappears in a new and unexpected shape in the romantic outburst of the early part of the present century. The other poetical river has been fed by the life, action, and manners of the nation. After showing itself in full flow in the admirable prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," it almost vanishes from sight for two centuries, when it is suddenly discovered again in the satires of Hall, and the comedies and historical plays of Shakespeare, being carried on through the series of noble historical portraits in "Absalom and Achitophel," through the moral satires of Pope and the didactic poems of Johnson and Goldsmith—and in prose through the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Madame d'Arblay, and others—till it exhausts itself, temporarily at all events, in the "Tales" of Crabbe.

Now, if we trace the course of the romantic stream of our poetry, we shall find that it affords a very remarkable illustration of what has been already said about the exhaustibility of poetical materials. In Chaucer and in our ballad poetry the volume of imagination is swift and strong; but in the poetry of succeeding generations the impulse is far feebler, and even in the "Faery Queen" the reader feels, in spite of the genius of the poet, that as springs of social action, mediævalism and feudalism are losing their force. The poem is an *allegory*: of dramatic life and movement it is entirely devoid. When we come to the seventeenth century, the source of inspiration seems almost to have run dry. Here and there a genuine note

of chivalry is heard in poetry, as in the noble lines of Lovelace:—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more;

or in the monarchical fancy of the gallant Montrose:—

My dear, my only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy.
For if Confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And call a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

The muse of Herrick, too, seizes with the felicity of real inspiration, and adorns with delightful fancy and humor, old Catholic customs still lingering in the country districts. But these are exceptions. No doubt the poets of the seventeenth century seem in many respects to be more gifted than those of the eighteenth. They try to get farther away from common life; they show a more curious invention, more ingenious flights of fancy. But they have one fatal defect: take them as a whole, it is impossible to read them. Pope, with his usual piercing insight, passes just judgment on the seventeenth-century style in the four verses in which he sums up the merits of Cowley, a really noble and elevated spirit:—

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit.
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart.

There is the truth of the matter. The poetry of the seventeenth century "wants heart."* Two thoroughly representative passages, showing the manner in which the distinguished poets of the period treated questions of love and religion—their favorite topics—will illustrate what is meant. The first is an extract from Cowley's "Mistress," and is called "Counsel:"—

Gently, ah! gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made;
That pain must needs be very much
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

Do but awhile with patience stay
(For counsel yet will do no good)

* I am, of course, only speaking of poetry peculiar to the age in which it was written. The poetry of Shakespeare and Milton belongs, in the literal sense, to the seventeenth century, but the interest of each is universal; it is not the product of a particular fashion of thought.

Till time, and rest, and Heaven allay
The violent burnings of my blood.
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk for being so?

Perhaps the physic's good you give,
But ne'er to me can useful prove;
Med'cine may cure but not revive;
And I'm not sick, but dead in love.
In Love's Hell, not his world, am I,
At once I live, am dead, and die.

Of writing like this we may say with certainty that a lover sufficiently master of himself to discover so many ingenious fancies could not have been so ill as he would have us suppose: it is evident that he is not speaking "the language of the heart." A still more remarkable specimen of unreality is furnished in Crashaw's poem called "The Weeper," on Mary Magdalene, of which the following is an extract:—

Hail, sister springs,
Parents of silver-footed rills,
Ever-bubbling things!
Thawing crystals! snowy hills,
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars;
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sowest, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to countershine
Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

Upwards thou dost weep;
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream;
Where the milky rivers creep
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above the heavens, what they be
We are taught best by thy tears and thee.

Mary Magdalene's tears the cream of the Milky Way! In its own age this contortion of fancy was supposed to give proof of a fine poetical genius; but time has taught us that men only write in such a style when they have really nothing to say.

It is indeed evident that unless poetry were recruited by new and abundant waters, it was in danger, in the seventeenth century, of perishing in a marsh. The eighteenth century brought the much-needed supply. Every one knows that Pope, the most thoroughly representative poet of the age, aimed at "correctness" in writing, but what the exact quality was that is signified by this word, is by no means generally understood. The common belief, that he sought to attain nothing but a mechanical regularity of versification is, it is almost unnecessary to say,

very wide indeed of the mark. Correctness in metrical composition, as I understand Pope to mean, implies obedience to the *laws* of imaginative thought, and, therefore, not only precision of poetical expression, but justice of poetical conception. In this sense, the fashionable metrical writing of the seventeenth century was astonishingly incorrect. The poets of the age sought to invest with fanciful and romantic forms, thoughts and feelings which had long ceased to move the imagination of society. Pope perceived this, and he understood that the quibbles, refinements, and affectations that mark their style, were the product of imaginative exhaustion. His criticism on their work is sweeping, but few will deny it to be just.

As for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more.
Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthened thought that gleams through
many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.

Vividly attracted as his own keen and sensitive nature was to the romantic traditions of English literature, his instinct told him that these had, for the time at least, lost their vitality, and that the true course of poetical development lay in the direction which Dryden had given to our poetry in "Absalom and Achitophel," and other satiric and didactic compositions. So, though he had set out in his own career on the high romantic road, he takes credit to himself in the full maturity of his judgment —

That not in Fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to Truth and moralized his song.

Addison had prided himself on having "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses," and so Pope, in the true spirit of his ancestor, Chaucer, taught poetry to come down from her romantic heights to sympathize with the thoughts and to elevate the language of men busily engaged in establishing for themselves new traditions of political and social order. The ancient spring of inspiration derived from national life and manners was renewed, and a long succession of poets — Thomson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Crabbe, carried on the ethical impulse communicated to poetry by Pope.

There is something equally Conservative in the development of the metrical form in which the new movement clothed itself. No one, I think, can doubt that the colloquial form of the heroic couplet, as it is handled first by Chaucer, and afterwards by Dryden and Pope, affords admirable scope for the expression of those thoughts and feelings which lie properly within the sphere of imagination, and yet not far from the sympathies of common social life. Mr. Arnold, it is true, speaks of the style of eighteenth-century verse as if it were not poetical at all; but it is evident that he has no sympathy with the writers of the period, or he would scarcely have selected one of the poorest couplets Pope ever wrote as a good specimen of his manner.* When we think, however, of the distinctness with which writers of different genius have stamped their own character on the heroic couplet, and the varying themes of which it is made the vehicle, it seems to me impossible not to regard it as a noble and harmonious poetical instrument. Let us remember how social were the aims of the great writers of the age. "The proprieties and delicacies of the English," says Dryden, the immediate father of the whole line, "are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading and digesting of those few good authors we have among us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom and habitude of conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust he has acquired while laying in a stock of learning." This is an excellent description of that union of traditional metrical language with the forms and idioms of modern society which is the groundwork of the "poetical diction" of the eighteenth century; and it may be supplemented by what Pope tells us of the capacities of the heroic couplet as the vehicle of expression for such a poem as the "Essay on Man."

This [says he] I might have done in prose: but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards; the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force, as well as

* To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down:
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own.

of the grace, of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of the subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain, of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

It would be impossible to find a passage indicating better than this the general aims of "correctness," in poetry, namely, a clear perception in the poet of what it is just to express in metre; a severe exclusion of whatever is not subsidiary to the end in view; and a determination not to be satisfied with any form of metrical language short of that which is exactly required for the forcible, concise, and harmonious expression of the thought.

These illustrations will, I hope, suggest in outline the nature of the Conservatism of the eighteenth century. So far from being the destructive period that its critics represent it to be, such revolutions of thought and manners as took place in England were accomplished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the task of the eighteenth was to recombine the shattered forms of the old national life into a system suited to modern circumstances. The Reformation had destroyed the external unity and absolute authority of the Church; Protestantism generated a multitude of sects, the most extreme of which questioned the foundations of Revelation itself. Such rebellion could no longer be put down by interdict and excommunication, but Butler met it by asserting the supremacy of conscience, and the authority of the continuous Christian tradition. The Revolution of 1688 overthrew the last remains of monarchical feudalism, but the aristocracy carried on the best traditions of the old into the new *régime*, and, as has been said, Burke contended with justice that the Revolution gave Englishmen no rights which they did not previously possess under the law of their country. In the sphere of thought the decay of mediæval and feudal influences had exhausted those romantic imaginations on which men's minds had once loved to linger. But to renew the sunken springs, Dryden, Pope, and their followers introduced a generous fountain of fresh inspiration by reviving and developing Chaucer's old satiric methods of portraying life and character. Everywhere we see signs of development with a constant reference at the same

time to the most ancient sources of national tradition; everywhere we are reminded of Wordsworth's lines:—

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive.

The work of reconstruction is performed by an intellectual and social aristocracy, and it is distinguished accordingly by all the features which such authorship would lead us to expect. Its art, its poetry, its taste, its criticism, its manners, are strictly limited in scope and conception, and are marked by a consciousness of design which lets us see plainly that if form be ever mistaken for substance, prodigious opportunities will be offered to artificiality, mannerism, and affectation. But it will not be denied that the best performances of the eighteenth century, whether of statesmen who had something special to do, or of poets, essayists, novelists, and painters, who had something special to say, show, on the whole, in a very extraordinary degree, manliness, robustness, lucidity, terseness, penetration, and good sense.

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REPARATION.

LADY FERMOR gave no token of missing the girl who had been her companion for the last twenty years. The old lady awoke and breakfasted, read the newspapers or got Soames to read them to her, took her stroll on the terrace, ate her luncheon, had her afternoon drive, her nap, her dinner, her evening game of *écarté* if Major Pollock dropped in, or, failing him, condescended to a game at cribbage with Soames, retired to bed, and slept apparently without a care on her mind or a feather's weight on her conscience. She had always boasted that though she was fond of company in her day, she could suffice for herself; and now it looked like it. To the few visitors who made a point of inquiring for her, she merely alluded to Iris's absence without stating its cause or term; and when it

was Lady Fermor's will to keep her own counsel not many people would venture to dispute the point with her. Even Lucy with the rest of the Acton family and Lady Thwaite, who were the most surprised and perplexed at the unexpected, unexplained, undefined visit somewhere to somebody, which Iris was paying, submitted to be kept for a while in ignorance. The mystery, however, began to make itself felt, and within a fortnight of the event Lady Fermor's tranquillity was disturbed, and she was assailed and called to account in her own house, which ought to have been her castle.

Lady Fermor had returned from her afternoon drive, and had gone into her drawing-room for half an hour, when a message was brought to her from a former friend, who had arrived at the frame of mind when forms and ceremonies were indifferent to him. Sir William Thwaite bade a servant tell Lady Fermor that he wished to see her, and had not the suavity to add, "By her ladyship's leave," or "If the call is convenient for her," notwithstanding that he had long ceased to be a daily visitor at Lambford. He had not been there since the night of Miss Compton's ball. He had not spoken to Lady Fermor since she left him in a rage, in the teeth of a thunder-storm, after her last visit to Whitehills. He had been a husband and a widower in the interval.

As the message was delivered to the venerable woman her sunken eyes gave a warlike flash, and she managed to sit erect after she had snapped out the two words, "Admit him." Strife, and not peace, was her natural element. In spite of her years, a tough encounter, a rousing contention, a battle of words, were more acceptable to her than sluggish rest.

Sir William came to his former haunt, looking too stern to be lightly discomposed and discomfited. He gave a hurried glance round while he was mechanically saying "Good morning" to his former ally; and the sternness was intensified on a face which, when it was not lit up with a smile, had always been more the type of a certain form of comely strength, than of sunshine and sweetness.

"It is a treat to see you nowadays, Sir William," said Lady Fermor tentatively, motioning him to a seat beside her.

But he did not sit down, and he did not answer her, save by telling his errand with brutal straightforwardness. "Where is Miss Compton, Lady Fermor?"

"Why do you ask?" she parried his question with the utmost coolness and

intrepidity, while her eyes twinkled maliciously.

"Because I am determined to know," he answered after an instant's pause.

"And by what right do you claim to be made acquainted with my granddaughter's whereabouts?" she repeated her counter-challenge. "Really, Sir William, you were always an original, and at one time, I believe, I rather liked your originality, but that time is past, and there are limits even to good things."

Her sarcasm did not ruffle his mood; he had ceased to wince at the prick of such weapons, and he was also able to proclaim a right which in his eyes was all-sufficient to authorize his presence and interrogation. "You were willing to give her and her happiness into my keeping once. Is not that enough to entitle me to ask what has come to her?"

"Very little has come to her, as you say, that I know of," answered Lady Fermor with an insolent criticism of his English, and with exasperating nonchalance. "If she had many rejected lovers it would be an awkward precedent to establish, that each man might come and bore me with his curiosity to hear the last news of his old flame. But she was not much of a belle, poor thing! and, to tell the truth, I do not know that she had the glory of dismissing any suitor save one; therefore, I do not mind saying to you that I know nothing about her."

"It ain't possible," he cried hotly; "she was in your care. Women of your class don't let girls go out into the world on their own hook, to do what they like, without having somebody to look after them. Your notion is, that girls cannot take care of themselves no more than if they were babies."

"And I dare say we are right," she interjected briskly.

"And you make and keep them helpless," he went on without appearing to pay any attention to her, "till they are too delicate and dainty to stand on their own feet and make their own way. I know she isn't like that, and I haven't such a bad opinion of the world as to think that there are many, either gentle or simple, that would harm her. But it ain't kind or considerate that she should be exposed to what another young lady could not face; and though she may not be right down harmed, she may be frightened and worried. Lady Fermor, I insist on your giving me satisfaction."

"In my day it was gentlemen who gave each other satisfaction," said Lady Fer-

mor airily: "a good manly custom which, like some other customs not half so bad as they were called, has passed away—but let them go, they served my time. I assure you, Sir William, I am not accountable for the young lady in whom you are pleased to take so deep an interest. I am sorry not to have it in my power to say she returns it, or would thank you for it," with a little mocking, palsied bow to her listener. "She took our relations, hers and mine, into her own hands. According to your definition, she assumed the privilege of the lower orders. She said it was better we should part; she could not stay any longer with me. I am too old a woman to pretend to fight with disobedient, undutiful girls, or boys either, even though they are my grandchildren. She said she would go, and she went—there is the long and the short of it."

"Before it came to that, my lady, you had something to answer for," said Sir William, gulping down what was sticking in his throat.

"Now, don't you think this is getting tiresome?" suggested Lady Fermor. "I have told you the truth, which, whatever you may believe, you have no earthly call to swagger here and demand from me. May I beg you to spare me your reflections on it, and to cut short your visit? Don't you see, man, I have come in from a drive, and am tired?"

"I cannot help it," he protested, but in the middle of the rudeness he pushed a footstool under her feet, and caught up a cushion to place at her back. Remembering former services of the same kind, rendered under different circumstances and highly valued then, the wicked old face twitched and softened a little, though it relapsed the next moment into its malice and hardness.

"You don't mean to say you let her go like that?" he persisted, still standing like an avenging giant before a hard-hearted witch. "You never asked her where she was to turn to? You are not acquainted with any friend she might seek?"

"No," she had the coarseness and cruelty to answer him, "it is not always advisable to ask too many questions. We women are not often without friends at Iris's age, and we don't always care to publish the road we mean to follow."

"It is a shameful lie!" he said, speaking his mind without the slightest reservation, while his fresh-colored face darkened to a dusky red, and the veins on his forehead, within the curves of chestnut hair, stood out knotted like whipcord. "By

George, if you were a man, though you were a prince, I would not stand to hear it. You are an old woman and my lady, but I say you have spoken an infamous slander against your own flesh and blood, as much above you as heaven is above earth. Where is your natural womanly feeling, your mother's heart, Lady Fermor?"

Something in his air and attitude smote the rock of her nature on which his words had struck in vain. She shrank and cowered a little, and collapsed into the feebleness of her years.

"Don't," she implored, "don't you curse me; you are like—a like a friend I had once. Never mind who it was. I saw the likeness the first day we met, and took a fancy for you, and did my best to serve you. I don't deserve this treatment from you, Thwaite, but I am ready to give you satisfaction—all the satisfaction I can. That goose of a girl you think so much of, though she don't care a straw for you, and she ain't worth your trouble—well, let that be—she never told me where she was going, and I am not bound to know; but she is no more fit to carry out a plot than that Spanish ass, Don Quixote. She behaved like a simpleton, as you may be sure. Her baggage was addressed to the care of a sister of a canting, mischief-making governess the child once had, and her ticket was taken to London. She had money for her board for three months. I can give you the address if you care to have it, though I don't see what good it will do you now. Sir William, will you go and leave me alone in peace, and don't come back to haunt me in another person's guise on my dying bed?"

"No, I want to do something better than that," he said, half with lingering fury, half in gruff relenting, and concession to their old friendly relations. "You say you took a fancy for me, and meant well by me. I am willing to believe you, though it was a fancy which played me strange tricks, and went far to my undoing. I was not ungrateful, whatever you may think. I take it you have not so many true friends to call your own at the close of your long life, that you should shake off this one, and she your granddaughter, as good as gold, or even a rough, little-worth fellow like me. Why in the name of goodness should you not go after Miss Compton, find her, and be a loving grandmother to her, as I am sure she would be a loving child to you, if you would let her?"

"Because it ain't in me, Thwaite," replied her ladyship with returning coolness and candor. "You must be a bad reader of character, if you cannot decipher that. 'Loving grandmother,' indeed! Bah! I leave that to your tame old body who has kissed her faithless tyrant's feet, and run after her prodigal sons and fast daughters, until in the evening of her days she is content to sit chirping and snivelling over her mischievous brats of grandchildren."

He was not to be diverted from his aim.

"You say Miss Compton has the payment of her board, among people you disapprove of, for a month or two. What is she to do then? Will you let her feel herself forsaken by man?—not by God. You cannot touch her there." He broke off in a low tone with a mixture of reverence and tenderness—the true, chivalrous devotion, very different from any species of love poor Lady Fermor had ever given or taken, shining in his blue eyes. "You do not intend Lord Fermor's granddaughter to beg her board from strangers, or to hire herself out for a wage, do you? though she might count it no dishonor to make service honorable by discharging it."

"She has chosen her course, and she must abide by it—ay, and eat the fruit of her folly," argued the old woman, before she changed her cue, and suddenly made a concession. "If I do anything more for Iris Compton, it will be as a favor to you, Thwaite. The hussy—or the angel, if you prefer it, shall owe my forgiveness to you. That will be something for her pride to swallow, though I fear you have lost the spirit to cast it in her teeth."

Powerful as Sir William's championship had been, this was not exactly true. It was a fact that Lady Fermor, like most women of strong passions, had possessed little natural affection. The passions had burnt themselves out, and in their ashes there were few elements for the growth of the domestic charities. Still there were bounds to her callousness and vindictiveness. Lady Fermor had driven this girl, as Sir William had put it, from the dignity and ease of Lambford, to beg her bread or to hire herself out for a wage. In the end the old woman might not be unwilling, for more reasons than one, to yield to his advocacy, giving it all the credit in order to save her own consistency; while underneath the veil she appeared her grisly ghost of a conscience.

"Thanks," he said shortly; and then fearing to displease her and turn her from

her cautious admission, he forced himself to protest, "I'll stand no end indebted to you if you do this kindness to yourself and Miss Compton at my bidding. But what you mean to do you ought to set about quickly."

"You are in a great hurry, Thwaite," observed Lady Fermor sarcastically. "I suppose you see that I have my bonnet on my head, and you think I shall be ready to stir my old bones, and rise and run after a flighty fool of twenty or thereabouts. Much obliged for your consideration for my age and infirmities. You had better order the carriage back at once, and ride on before, and get a ticket for London, and let me start napless and dinnerless. I should arrive dizzy and starving before midnight. I dare say I might knock about for a bed; or if I found my way to Fitzroy Square, perhaps my good granddaughter would have the common humanity to lend me hers for what remained of the night."

"You are talking nonsense," he said bluntly, staring at her, "but you will go up to London and seek out Miss Compton—won't you?"

"I may if you will be my escort. I have never been accustomed to travel without a squire," she said with a kind of ghastly coquetry. "When I was younger, a good deal younger, I used to have half-a-dozen sparks and beaux at my disposal. As it is, I am not so strong and nimble as Iris Compton. By-the-by, I'm not at all sure that she will give in, and consent to put herself under my wing again. Disobedience is a virulent as well as a common complaint nowadays. I shall need all the foreign support I can get. Yours may not be very available in this case, but it is better than none. To be sure, my young lady may have eaten her leek and changed her mind, while another person has had time and reason enough to alter his opinion. I shan't blame him, though I am reduced to wonder whether he has attacked me out of a spirit of contradiction and devilry, or from mere mawkish magnanimity, pity, and suchlike stuff."

She looked at him sharply. He returned her glance coldly, and dismissed her wonder with a formal, "Good afternoon, Lady Fermor. I shall see you to London if you like, at whatever time you fix," as he left her.

That night Bill Rogers was considerably impressed by finding himself put in authority at Whitehills, while his master held himself in readiness to start any day for London.

CHAPTER XXX.

YOUTH STRIVES.

IRIS had reached London in safety, she had found Mrs. Haigh, a fat, florid, overdressed woman, hospitable, and friendly in a way. But Iris had not found another Miss Burrage—it would have been unreasonable to expect it in the matron who was in an extraordinary flutter of mingled pride and alarm at having Lord and Lady Fermor's granddaughter again under her own roof. Iris's presence lent a glorious distinction to the upper middle-class boarding-house, but it might be drawing down upon the hostess the wrath of "the combined aristocracy," because of aiding and abetting insubordination in their ranks and desertion from their leaders.

Iris had said honestly, "I am sorry to say grandmamma and I have not been happy together lately, Mrs. Haigh. Perhaps my dear old friend, Miss Burrage, may have said something long ago which will help you to understand matters. I don't mean that I am not to blame. No doubt I have failed in tact and patience, and a thousand things, but the painful fact remains that we have not got on well together. Now I have left Lambford with Lady Fermor's knowledge, and come up to town to ask if you will take me in, till I see what is to become of me."

Of course Mrs. Haigh would take Iris in. What mistress of a boarding establishment, unless she were a very exceptional person, would refuse to receive a peer's granddaughter, looking as Iris looked, wearing the dress she wore, even if there had not been the old family connection of which Mrs. Haigh had boasted for the last fifteen years?

Mrs. Haigh was soon satisfied that Iris was neither impecunious in the mean time, nor possessed by any romantic delusion of throwing herself on the devotion of ancient allies and living on air, her dignity, and their worshipping commiseration. When this important little item was agreeably settled to Mrs. Haigh's practical mind, she had nothing to disturb her but the apprehension of Lady Fermor's displeasure and that vague horror of the wrath of the combined aristocracy which was not without its breathless charm, like the coveted terror produced by an exciting ghost story. Certainly Mrs. Haigh was aware that Lady Fermor had been a very formidable, unmanageable person, though she ought by this time to be in her dotage. But whether doting or not, surely she would rather have her grand-

daughter in Fitzroy Square, with highly respectable people of whom her ladyship knew something, than wandering through the world without chaperon or companion. Lady Fermor ought rather to feel relieved and grateful when she heard Mrs. Haigh's name mentioned as a temporary guardian for Miss Compton.

Having persuaded herself of this, Mrs. Haigh was at liberty to rejoice in the acquisition to her circle, even though her reason whispered it could not be permanent. Its reflected *déclat* might long survive its actual existence, and while it lasted the mistress of the house could load Iris with overpowering attentions.

Iris was vexed that Mrs. Haigh would constantly speak of her and to her as "Lady Fermor's granddaughter." The excellent woman would even betray at once her ignorance and vanity, by bestowing on Iris a handle to her name to which she was not entitled. Mrs. Haigh always called Iris the Honorable Miss Compton, and considered it foolish modesty and shyness—perhaps a little hauteur in disguise—when the girl first hinted, and then said plainly, that neither the Herald's Office nor Debrett would authorize the use of such a privilege.

Iris was still more wounded when she had reason to suspect that Mrs. Haigh, in her incessant reference to Lambford and Lady Fermor, did not refrain from imparting in mysterious whispers to chosen members of her circle the scandals with which the name had been associated, or else by nods and shrugs and hinted innuendoes refreshed her ladies' and gentlemen's memories on the subject. She was irreproachable in her own morals, yet she seemed to take a warped pride in what she was pleased to view as aristocratic iniquities.

These ladies and gentlemen were perfectly respectable, better-class *pensionnaires*. Though the ladies had the priority by courteous phrase, the gentlemen were really the ruling power in the establishment, as they still are in the world. Whether married or single, from the bachelor confidential clerk in a tremendously great banking establishment to the retired clergyman and half-pay officer, they all paid board in full; and as they were the members of the establishment who were the most out of the house during the day, they were supposed to give least trouble to their hostess, while they were also the most profitable boarders. It was for the gentlemen's appetite and tastes that Mrs. Haigh in reality ca-

tered most sedulously; it was the gentlemen's evening rubber that she guarded from interruption most carefully.

Some of the spinsters were ladies in reduced circumstances, and paid Mrs. Haigh a smaller board for rooms nearer the sky, and for inferior attendance generally, with which, in strict justice and logic, these half-indigent gentlewomen ought to have been contented. But in point of fact they employed a considerable amount of their time in jealous inspection of the better position of their neighbors, and muttered grumbings over their own wants, or in high-faluting, ostentatious professions of indifference to circumstances, or else in judicious, assiduous attentions to their better-off companions — attentions which had their reward.

To the single ladies, more than all the other inhabitants of the house, Iris's advent was a windfall. For once the spinsters felt equal to the men and to the married women. The other maidens, however ancient, shared in the fuss made about this girl, as if it had been a tribute to the whole body of unprotected females. In return for the homage paid to her — or rather to Lady Fermor's granddaughter — Iris made figuratively a series of courteous bows, and sought to possess her soul in patience like a princess on a royal progress. But although in her faith, hope, and charity, which, after all the sneers liberally launched at these graces and their Christian origin, are as trustworthy touchstones as any that have yet been found for use in the motley crowd of life, Iris had no doubt that there was more than sufficient to respect, like, and inspire interest in her fellow-boarders, if one only knew them better, and held the clue to the true life beneath the conventional; still, looking only on the surface, she did not find anything to attract her particularly in any of the members of the large family under Mrs. Haigh's roof.

Iris was not overwhelmingly impressed by the rich, stiffened, silent, white-haired clerk of so great a banking-house, that even its first clerk was surrounded by a nimbus of golden influence and responsibility. She did not yield to the lively fascinations of Captain Boscawen, who knew all the gossip of the best society, and being affable, gallant, and chatty, was a favorite with most of the ladies. She was not even greatly touched by the Rev. Edward Calcott, a younger man than the first two heroes. He had been forced to retire from his vicar's charge on account of an abiding relaxed throat and weak

chest, and was, therefore, as a clergyman and a confirmed invalid, invested with the double attributes of spiritual director and object of tender sympathy to every soft heart. Iris was sorry for him; but her heart was not so soft in this quarter as to prevent her perceiving that he was both self-conscious and self-indulgent; so she left the nursing of him to his wife, and kept her spiritual concerns out of his reach.

Iris was not more won by the ladies — from bluff Mrs. Judge Penfold, who, arguing from her title, had appropriated her husband's office as well as the reins of his phaeton, down to little Mrs. Rugely, the inconsolable pretty young widow, who, to the envy of the remaining men, sat bereft at the Rev. Edward's feet, yet was able to take the deepest interest in the exact fit of her widow's gown and the becoming shape of her bonnet, and pensively asked her friends' advice whether scarlet flowers were not admissible after the first stage of mourning was past. Her lost love had always preferred her with scarlet, and entire black was really too trying for a brunette complexion.

Iris had received a blow in finding Mrs. Haigh so unlike Miss Burrage, and the blow was not softened, neither was the likeness increased, on the only occasion when the girl spoke of her best friend to that friend's sister. Mrs. Haigh twinkled away a facile tear, indeed, and expressed her thankfulness for having had her dear Emily in Mrs. Haigh's house, to be waited upon by her during the good soul's last illness.

"It was a great privilege, Miss Comp-ton; you who knew her, and who, I may say, was her pet pupil, can guess how uncomplaining, considerate, even cheerful, she was to the very last."

But Mrs. Haigh was honest in her thick-skinnedness, and absence of deep or delicate or abiding feeling. She added innocently enough in the next breath: "It was a mercy the illness was short, for it saved the dear saint a great deal of suffering; and to have had her lying longer here, or even lingering on, neither I nor well, unfit for duty, without a sufficient provision for her needs, a burden to herself and others — as, between ourselves, I think Mr. Calcott is sometimes, when he murmurs so at his chimney smoking, and objects to the piano being played after certain hours — would have been more than I could have undertaken, with my husband and children and the care of a boarding-house on my hands.

When one comes to think of it all," reflected Mrs. Haigh with a species of complacency, "darling Emily was not suited for this world. She was an excellent creature, but she was painfully plain from a girl. She had ability and accomplishments; but she had no manners that I could see, though, of course, we know she lived in the best society. She could not relish what most people enjoy; to dress what I call well became a bore to her. She was not fond of shopping or calling or dining out, and hardly cared for a box or a stall at the opera or the theatre, unless the play or the opera, as well as the singers and actors, chanced to be exceptional. She potted about more than she was able among humdrum, fallen-down people she had known long ago, or sick or poor people. She had a regard for out-of-the-way churches and eccentric clergymen that few people save herself had heard of or cared for. Put her down with a book she liked and her work, and the world held little more attraction for her. No, poor dear Emily was not a woman for this world. She was a woman to be overlooked and slighted—which she did not mind, for she had rather a lack of spirit and proper pride. She was apt to be smiled at, for she had her little peculiarities, dear soul! though she was my sister—and jostled against and trampled upon, as the world goes. I trust she is far better off where she has gone, poor love."

"She was a woman of whom the world was not worthy, Mrs. Haigh," said Iris hotly.

To compare Miss Burrage to Mr. Calcott! To have been capable of thinking of her as a possible burden, and so finding her premature death in one light a boon, instead of wrestling with God that the loved presence might be spared for a season, and yearning to keep it here so long as life lingered in the feeble frame, and sense and love on the peaceful, wasted brow and lips! What would not Iris have given to have seen her old friend's dear face again, though it had come but in a vision of the night, to have heard her wise, gentle counsel, though it had been only in a dream!

Iris was not disappointed in Mr. Haigh as she was in Mrs. Haigh. He was only Miss Burrage's brother-in-law, by Mrs. Haigh's election, not a member of Miss Burrage's family, of the same father and mother, and of kindred blood. Besides, Iris had retained a dim recollection of him—more correct in all respects than

her early vision of his wife, as a lively, handsome young matron, who had petted her and been very affectionate to Miss Burrage.

Mr. Haigh was the cipher that Iris had always remembered him. He sat at the foot of the table and did the principal carving. He kept the gentlemen company when the ladies had retired. He was safe for a partner at whist, unless somebody else wished to make up the party. He could serve as a tolerable second when the boarders happened to be musical and a second was in request. He dabbled a little in art, so as to have the *entrée* to a few studios, and afford the benefit of his opinion to any amateur artist in the house. He had the same intangible connection with the theatres and opera-houses, so that he could always procure tickets, boxes, and stalls, and predict what a play would turn out, when the mass of the public was helpless and voiceless. Mr. Haigh had been educated abroad, and possessed an additional advantage, of which he was rather vain. He was tolerably conversant with several European languages. He could serve on a pinch as an amateur courier by anticipation to inexperienced projectors of Continental tours.

In any other position, Mr. Haigh might have been a purely ornamental member of society, but as the spouse of a lady who kept an upper-class boarding-house, he was almost the right man in the right place—while Iris had never imagined she would get anything more than a host's gentlemanlike notice from Mr. Haigh.

But Mrs. Haigh had children who were also Miss Burrage's nephews and nieces. They were all at school save one, Juliana, or Ju-ju, the eldest daughter, a girl of nineteen, to whom Iris turned eagerly. But, alas! Ju-ju was more like her well-bred, lymphatic father than her mother—far less her aunt. Ju-ju's chief end in life seemed to be to comply with all the obligations of the most finished young ladyhood in the fashion of the day, under such difficulties as limited means and the necessity for the family's keeping boarders implied. Ju-ju took her stand on her father's and mother's claim to gentility as educated people, the children of a clergyman of the Church of England on the one hand, and a captain in the army on the other. She ignored the items that Mrs. Haigh had been a governess like her sister, and that Mr. Haigh had failed in succession as a barrister, an operatic singer, an artist, and a playwright. Ju-ju was

inclined to make out that her father and mother kept a boarding-house for their private pleasure. She did nothing save sit embroidering the artistic, elaborate embroidery of the hour, and attend to her toilet to the minutest details of the rosette on her French shoe, and the extra button on her profusely buttoned glove.

She was neither pretty nor plain, though she had a good figure, and felt the more persuaded on that account that dress was of the first consequence to her.

Iris Compton contemplated Ju-ju from a puzzled mental and moral distance, with the puzzle deepened by the fact that the girl was Miss Burrage's niece. How could personal enjoyment and the idlest trifles engross her wholly? What was she thinking of when she sat calmly applying herself for so many hours to this costly fancy work, while her mother, behind backs, was really cumbered with the care of her servants, the burden of housekeeping for a large, disconnected, troublesome family, and the worry of account books which frequently refused to "square"? And what became of all the splendid and delicate embroidery, of which only a few finished specimens appeared in the shape of table-covers and cushions in the drawing-room? Did Ju-ju simply work it to train and gratify her hand and eye, and then wantonly destroy it, or did she bestow it as presents on all her absent friends?

Iris found out the enigma at the same time that she hit upon a little opening for her own unprovided-for future, which was beginning to weigh heavily upon her mind.

In vain had Iris asked Mrs. Haigh's advice about what she ought to do to earn a little money. Mrs. Haigh was convinced that Iris's illustrious relations would not permit such an indignity. Miss Compton would only require to hint to them that her coffers were becoming empty to have them filled again to overflowing.

In vain Iris frankly approached the subject with some of the other ladies—counting on them as a sort of informal woman's friendly society. She was always stopped by their smiling and pooh-poohing her. They would not have their peer's granddaughter pulled down from her pedestal, or else they regarded her prospects with regard to working for her bread as so hopeless, that they preferred not to discuss them with her. In fact they told her it was lowering herself to hint at such an alternative, almost as

much as if she were to propose to borrow money from them.

At the same time Iris found to her dismay that life in a Fitzroy Square boarding-house, apart from the board, was a deal dearer than life at Lambford. Everybody overdressed, punctiliously, with studied variety for dinner. In the light of Mrs. Judge Penfold's brocade and diamonds the one day and velvet and pearls the next; Mrs. Rugely's diaphanous black and jet, or gold; and Ju-ju Haigh's earnestly thought out, subtle harmonies in strange, wonderful stuffs and tints from art-shops, her beads from Venice, her amber and filigree work from Damascus—all bought in London town, for Ju-ju had been no traveller—Iris was more than outshone. In such a white India muslin, with turquoise ornaments, as had dazzled Sir William Thwaite, or in such a blue silk, festooned with hops, as would have been voted decidedly "swellish" by the Hollises at Thornbrake, and pronounced perfectly exquisite by the Actons at the rectory, she knew she looked shabbily, stately monotonous in costume.

Iris had the impression that she was playing at being a grand demoiselle in an effeminate, luxurious, extravagant court. She tried to resist, but she was a young woman without a home, and had to yield something to what Mrs. Haigh called "the rules of the house." She was forced, like the poor ladies, to waste a great deal of time in contriving small transparent devices, for her dress to pass muster among the elaborate shifting toilets of the company.

It was on an errand to procure some not too costly gauzy transformation, that Iris, who had from the first claimed the liberty of walking out by herself without becoming a mutual drag and fetter either on Mrs. Haigh or Ju-ju, visited such a monster shop of all wares as is a remarkable feature of the London of to-day. It was a little of an enterprise even for so fearless a girl as Iris to enter one of the many doors, fall into a stream of purchasers, pass down the streets of counters, and be bewildered by the different departments of the business in story after story, of the blocks of buildings.

Iris felt so small and so swallowed up, that she uttered a little cry of pleasure when she discovered Ju-ju Haigh at a counter on which the exquisite materials for some of her embroidery were displayed.

Ju-ju could not be said to return the compliment by sharing in the gratification. She reddened and had a constrained air

while the girls exchanged half-a-dozen words. Iris would have passed on, but the crush of buyers and sellers was great here, and she could not advance many steps before one of the elder shop-women, or ladies of the establishment as they prefer to be called, came to Miss Haigh and delivered a courteous verbal message, "If the piece be done by next week, madam" (old-fashioned modes of address have acquired fresh life and new associations in connection with London shops), "Mrs. Cree says it will be in time enough for the countess."

Ju-ju met Iris's surprised eyes and immediately turned aside, crimsoning from brow to throat, through the pearl powder which she and young Mrs. Rugely and elderly Mrs. Judge Penfold and Mrs. Haigh and poor Miss Swan, the poorest of the poor ladies, did not hesitate to use, though as yet they stopped short of rouge.

But Ju-ju showed no further inclination to be left alone; on the contrary she hurried over her business, offered Iris her valuable aid in a purchase, and seemed even anxiously desirous of bearing Miss Compton company in her walk home.

The motive was soon explained. As soon as the girls got into the quieter streets, Ju-ju spoke with almost painful earnestness: "You have found me out, Miss Compton, without being able to help it. I embroider at home for Mr. Blackburn's art department. I dare say you have observed that I work rather closely, though embroidery is a pleasure to me also. Other people in the house have noticed it, though of course nobody asks any questions. My mother can only afford me a small allowance. I could not dress and go out like other girls, if I had not an additional income. I assure you many girls design or embroider on private commissions, which are the best, as they are for friends, or for the art schools where the girls have been taught, or for art departments in some of the great shops, and nobody outside is any wiser. The rage for art work is such a boon to people who would not think of working in any other fashion. Art work can be done by any lady without loss of caste, and if you will believe me, many ladies do it for pay who are in no want of money, as I am sorry to say I am. Some of these are connected with the nobility as you are, and for the most part they do not care, though it is known they embroider for money. They laugh and boast of it, and are as proud of their earnings as if they were sums gained at

Monte Carlo, or the payment of wagers, or the prices of books or pictures which the girls had written or painted. But it is a different thing when working is a necessity. I don't think I should work if I had a good allowance or a rich father," admitted Ju-ju, "and I believe in my case, it is certainly much better to say nothing about it. So, Miss Compton, I shall be very much obliged if you will not mention what has come to your knowledge to-day — not even to my mother, though I need not say she is aware of my arrangement and has given her full consent to it."

This was a revelation to Iris, but she did not stop to inquire if the game were worth the candle. She did not weigh against each other the false pride of girls like Ju-ju Haigh, who eked out their means and supplied themselves with foolish extravagances by laboring in strict secrecy for tinsel — not bread; and the childish vanity of the wealthy aristocratic girls who vaunted their uncalled-for achievements in the shape of working, at will, for a few sovereigns, twice the number of which the workwomen wasted every day they lived. It just crossed Iris's mind that there was a performance resembling this on the part of the ladies of the French *noblesse* before the great Revolution, when dainty fingers ostentatiously unravelled gold thread in lace which had decorated coats of husbands, or brothers, or sons, and sold it as bullion. But she drew no inference from the comparison.

Iris did not even speculate how it comes that to work at art designs and marvels of embroidery, can be more honorable than to work at the homeliest useful work, which is of still greater necessity to the welfare of the world than the coin with which the primitive toil is remunerated; she only thought that she too could do this art work, while she might not be fit for any other. She had delighted as a simple matter of taste, when she was a girl at ease, in the revival of art embroidery. She had practised it with enthusiasm, and had attained some local eminence by her performances. She had watched Ju-ju's achievements with intelligent admiration, and had been able to offer her available suggestions and help sometimes. Now Iris ventured to propose, a little breathlessly in her excitement, "Could I do anything for Blackburn's? Would they care to employ me? I should be glad — thankful if they would try me. I need not say I would do my best to give them satisfaction."

Ju-ju received the proposal more graciously and encouragingly than her mother and the other ladies had met Iris's candid statements of the obligation on her to find work and wages. Ju-ju, confident in her own skill and experience, feared no competition in her special province, while she was ready to clutch at another example to prove that ladylike girls, even girls connected with the nobility, freely adopted her calling.

Ju-ju readily undertook to communicate with Blackburn, and exhibit some specimens of Iris's capability as a nineteenth-century Arachne. Mrs. Haigh shook her head and was troubled by the anomaly, but Ju-ju had sufficient influence over her mother to prevent her doing more.

Blackburn was a genius in his line, he kept all the strings to his bow and all the arteries of his vast organization under his personal inspection and control. He had found the secret of success, in the path which he had struck out, to lie in universal applicability and novelty. He had boasted that he could furnish on due notice whatever the heart of man or woman could desire — whether the customer were a prince or a princess, a dock laborer or a charwoman, and he had reclaimed his pledge by providing an elephant within four-and-twenty hours of its being asked for on one extraordinary occasion. He was proud of his last development in an aristocratic art region. He magnanimously enjoyed solacing the idleness of rich, the sorrows of poor gentility, that would never recognize him and his, in spite of his celebrity and wealth, as the equals and privileged associates of its members. He relished highly, as Fouché did, counting in his pay sprigs of the nobility, who were also among the chief purchasers of his rarest and costliest adaptations from Worth.

Iris did not know how much she owed again to her grandfather and grandmother, when, to her great relief and something like happy bewilderment, she found herself at once approved of and appointed on Blackburn's staff. She was even intrusted with very valuable materials, including an idea of a screen in three panels, with a suitable moral, by a well-known artist, the cartoon to be destroyed as soon as a single copy was worked. One panel displayed Arachne "in her earlier humanity, carried away by conceit in her weaving; the second gave the cowering, foolish weaver-woman brought face to face with the great goddess Minerva, whom she had dared to challenge to a

trial of skill; and the third represented Minerva looking down in supreme contempt on the humble spider and her web, all that remained of the presumptuous Arachne" and the product of her loom. Long afterwards Iris was wont to view that trophy of bold, true, delicate if formal lines, traced in softest, richest silks, with many mingled feelings. In the mean time it was a congenial occupation, as well as a bracing effort at independence, for Iris to work faithfully and lovingly at the great artist's fancy.

Iris needed this help for her heart and mind, her faith and patience, while the summer was yet young, since every day the weather was growing warmer and the season drawing nearer to its climax. The garden in Fitzroy Square, which had been a pleasant oasis in the dreary desert of stone and lime when Iris came, became prematurely sere, yellow, and brown in its lack of country freshness, country freedom, country wholesomeness of gradual, bountiful growth and decay.

The society of the boarding-house had lost its strangeness to Iris, but it had also become more and more irksome with a constant reminder that she was out of her element among people whom she neither judged, nor condemned, nor despised, but not one of whom bore much more than a human, national, tolerably civilized affinity to her, in her nature, beliefs, and habits.

Many of the residents in the house were going away with Ju-ju Haigh to pay visits to the seaside, to Normandy, or the Engadine. Iris's choice of society, such as it was, began to narrow just as she had a craving for it to widen. She would be left almost alone in the white dusty streets by the time she thirsted intensely for a quiet, sandy-colored country road running along a reddish, purplish green stretch of common or down, the shade of trees, the cool ripple of water, the yellow corn-fields ripening to harvest.

The figure of an old woman, loveless and unloved in her solitary age, sitting at home in her cheerless great house, or driving out by herself in her close carriage on her monotonous round, had reproached Iris, from the first, many a time. The reproach was more than half morbid, for Lady Fermor had never shown that she cared for her granddaughter's company, and she had driven Iris from her, by persecution and panic which might have worn the girl into her grave, or carried her to a mad-house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AGE PLEADS.

IRIS had been out for a little more air and a saunter in the greater space of Regent's Park, when just as she re-entered the house she met Mrs. Haigh in such a state of consternation that the girl's roused imagination could fancy no smaller calamities had occurred than the kitchen chimney on fire to the destruction of the eight-o'clock dinner, or the first clerk in the great banking-house having announced his intention to set up an establishment of his own. But Mrs. Haigh speedily undeceived her. "Oh, my dear Miss Compton, *she* is here. Lady Fermor is here, and I dared not attempt to deceive her about your being with us; indeed, she did not ask, she simply said, 'Take me to Miss Compton,' and she walked straight into the drawing-room, dismissing me with a nod, and staring about her without troubling to return the bows of the assembled ladies, to whom I gave her a general introduction. They have all left the room, and she is sitting there alone, for Haigh has declined to have anything to do with her. I am afraid you must go to her and find out what she wants. If it is anything reasonable, if she wishes to board here along with you, I will do my best, though I do not know if Mrs. Judge Penfold and the rest will consent to be ignored, even by a viscountess—your grandfather was a viscount, wasn't he, dear Miss Compton? not an earl, as I am always inclined to make him—when they are all private ladies. If she thinks your board too high, though the times are terribly expensive——"

"I do not think that will be the reason of her coming, Mrs. Haigh. I shall go to her at once."

The thought of her grandmother away from Lambford, from which she had not stirred for a dozen years, had a great effect on Iris. Whatever the person most concerned may have felt, it was a shock to her descendant when she saw the aged woman rooted up from all her old surroundings. Iris had been accustomed to think of her grandmother as about as stationary and constant in her attributes and actions as the fixed stars. Therefore the contrast was great of finding Lady Fermor seated uncomfortably in a chair which was the opposite of her own at Lambford, with Mrs. Rugely's easel at one side and Mrs. Calcott's basket heaped with the babies' socks and pinafores which she was always manufacturing for charitable

bazaars on the other, and Mrs. Judge Penfold's dog barking, and Ju-ju's kitten putting up its tail as if to assail the intruder. Iris's heart smote her, and she advanced quickly to her persecutress, crying out, "Oh! grandmanma, I am sorry I have given you so much trouble, if you have come up to town on my account."

"You may be sorry," said Lady Fermor emphatically, extending two fingers to her granddaughter. "I have come a long journey on your account. I am here to fetch you away, so you had better get ready as soon as possible, and not keep me waiting longer than you can help. The carriage is at the door."

Iris was taken aback. This was not like the scoffing leave to go, which had been granted to her in their last meeting. To return to Lambford, though she had not been very happy in Fitzroy Square, was never what Iris had intended; all the old objections to her residence with her grandmother, which had grown unbearable, might still remain in full force. The loathed apparition of Major Pollock, of which she had got rid lately, seemed to rise again before her and make her flesh creep. For anything Iris knew he might have come up with her grandmother to London, he might be in the carriage outside, ready to spring upon her, in a figure. She could not resign herself again to the old tyranny, the old taunts and indignities which had threatened to thrust her on the most miserable fate that could befall a woman; not for her native air and the place and the people she had known and loved so long, not for Lucy Acton, who had expressed herself by letter as dubious of the step Iris had taken, even while condoling with her most sincerely on the causes which had led to it, could Iris make so bootless a sacrifice. But the assurance of the shrivelled-up wreck of a woman before her staggered Iris, and caused her to hesitate what to say or do.

Lady Fermor delivered herself of a gesture of impatience, and called out harshly, "Have I not stooped enough, girl? Would you have me humble myself in the dirt to tell you I'll never mention poor old Pollock's name to you again? If you had not been a prim, scared idiot, you would have known it was not in earnest. I have got one of my other granddaughters, Marianne Dugdale, to be a companion for you. I have taken a house in Kensington that you may spend a few weeks in town, before all the world is gone, in a manner more befitting your antecedents. Afterwards I am thinking

of a little trip to Buxton or Scarborough or Scotland — I am not too stiff to accomplish it — and let you two girls have the benefit of it. I dare say you will turn up your noses, because Buxton is not Spa or Homburg, and Scarborough Compiègne, or any other French place frequented by the ex-empress, and Scotland Norway. But I can tell you, when I was young a girl would have counted such an excursion an opening for making her fortune, and a wonderful stroke of good luck."

"It is kind of you to put yourself about," faltered Iris, not at all sure how her words would be taken. "We are much obliged to you. If I could only flatter myself you wanted me, you really wanted me, grandmamma," said Iris, with a more uncontrollable break in her voice.

"Oh! as to that," said Lady Fermor, carelessly shaking out her sable-lined cloak, and giving a twitch to the strings of a new and striking lilac satin bonnet, "I got on very well by myself. You need not flatter yourself that you are of so much consequence. It was Thwaite, who came over and dug into me to go and see after you," with a keen glance at Iris.

"It was very good of Sir William to think of me," said Iris simply.

"Oh! yes, we're all kind and good now, when you've had your swing, and we're ready to look over and make the best of a girl's incredible folly. Thwaite brought Marianne Dugdale and me to town, but you need not thank him for it. I imagine he has taken a fancy to Marianne, and though she's a goose, like the rest of her kind, she won't be so goosey, perverse, and infatuated as to hold out against lawful authority, and a thousand advantages far beyond what she could hope for. By-the-by, I hope Marianne's having stepped into your shoes, both with regard to Lambford and Whitehills, will not interfere with your throwing down your arms, and submitting to your natural superior," wound up Lady Fermor, fixing Iris with a wily, glittering eye.

"No, no," said Iris hastily, falling into the trap forthwith, lifting up her head involuntarily, unconscious of a bright spot rising on each cheek. "Why should it? But there are some other things to be thought of."

"Out with them. Am I to go down on my knees to beg your pardon?" with a feeble movement to rise from her chair. "I have long thought the world was upside down, and this will only be the reversal of our natural position. Come, let me get over it as soon as possible. I

should not mind it, if my old knees were not so rheumatic."

"Grandmamma, I beseech you don't," implored Iris in terror lest Lady Fermor should carry out her horrible mockery. "How could you think or say such a thing? I only wished to tell you that I have paid my board, and Mrs. Haigh has made arrangements for me remaining much longer. I cannot help disappointing her perhaps, but I ought not to let her suffer otherwise."

"Humph! very impertinent in her to have anything to say to you at all, and still more impertinent to go on forming plans without consulting your friends, but we must take that with the rest. I'll settle with the lodging or boarding-house keeper, or whatever she is. Any more stipulations?"

"I have taken in work, art work, from Blackburn's, and I have expensive materials to account for, as well as the piece I undertook to embroider."

"Good gracious, Iris! were you mad? How could you disgrace yourself, and me, in such a manner?" cried Lady Fermor, stumbling to her feet. "You might have gone on the boards with less scandal, if ever such an act of low-lived absurdity come to light. We must drive instantly to the shop, and buy up all you had to do with — only buying up will stop the man's mouth, and though it were half the shop the sacrifice must be made. When I engage in a thing I go through with it. But your vagary is likely to cost me a pretty penny, Miss Compton, in addition to aching bones. You had better think twice — or rather I hope you will be off my hands before you engage in another. After the good education you had — even though that woman Burrage was a fanatic — to descend to the gutter by taking in work from a public shop!"

It was plain that in Lady Fermor's old-fashioned estimation, art needlework was not a whit better than white seam; and she considered that Iris Compton had let herself sink, in the course of six or eight weeks, to the level of a shirt-maker or slop-worker.

It was like a dream to Iris to find herself snatched away from Fitzroy Square. She left Mrs. Haigh in a manner consoled by the spectacle of the coroneted carriage at the door, and the undying recollection that Lady Fermor had called in person for her granddaughter, though her ladyship had not behaved quite so well on the occasion as might have been hoped for from a viscountess.

It was not so much as if the present — it was rather as if the recent past — were a dream, when Iris found herself sitting in her old place, listening to the old high-handed talk and vituperation. But as Iris told herself, what could she have done after the chief grievance was removed, and her grandmother had bound herself to keep the peace, than return to her duty, and wear again the yoke of her youth?

The house which Lady Fermor had taken off its former tenant's hands, for the last few weeks of the season, was at Kensington Gore. It was beyond the precincts of Belgravia, and beyond the Knightsbridge art studios and the barracks, which, following the example of the ubiquitous mews, invade select territories. Its windows did not give a false idea, as they looked full on the refreshment and refuge of the grand old leafy gardens. The glittering pinnacles of the queen and country's memorial to a good prince, with his other monument, the huge ugly dome of the Albert Hall, promising unlimited music, and the pile upon pile of the second national museum, offering numberless antiquities, pictures, the Raphael cartoons, were all close at hand. So was the Row, with its midday horses and riders, and so was Hyde Park with its afternoon stream of carriages, and not very far off was the Broad Walk, that noblest avenue in which old court beauties, fair French *émigrées*, the world of fashion and letters, once came to see and be seen, to sun themselves, and shine as lesser luminaries, reflecting welcome rays on the obscure world crowding to gape and stare at the town lions.

Iris had never before lived in such a charmed region, where the hours might well seem too short for the attractions which claimed them; but she hardly noticed it, at first, she was so full of excitement and anxiety about her cousin Marianne Dugdale. Lady Fermor had been plagued by few scruples in calling this other grandchild to her side, but Iris retained a pained recollection of what her grandmother had said with regard to the light in which the Dugdales and the Powells must regard her, Iris. They might owe some charity to their grandmother, but they owed none to her. She was only a rival claimant for Lady Fermor's bounty, the granddaughter of the man who had foully wronged their grandfather. It was a case of family guilt and alienation which could hardly be repaired even between the harmless representatives of succeeding generations.

From The Fortnightly Review.
CONCERNING CHILI.

IN the following short account of my impressions of Chili, I shall endeavor to give an accurate description of the country at this moment. It was my good fortune, ten years ago, to stay there for a time, and I have recently returned from a second visit. The progress which I found had been made during my absence in the development of the resources of the country was so great that one may indulge the most sanguine expectations, not only as to the future material prosperity of Chili, but also as to the position which will be accorded to her among the republics of South America. There are many reasons why Englishmen should take an interest in this country. Whilst England is in want of what Chili produces best, Chili needs the manufactures that England has to offer her in return. Chili entertains towards England feelings of the warmest respect and friendship. This is in great measure to be attributed to the part which so many Englishmen took in aiding the struggling young republic to throw off the yoke of Spain. They served her with as much ardor as they would have served their native country. The Chilians have not forgotten this; and the strong liking for England which animates them is likely to be perpetuated and enhanced by the lives and characters of the gentlemen who represent English commerce in Valparaíso. The people like to call their country the "England of South America." If a man makes a promise and wishes it to appear particularly binding, he says, "*Palabra de un Ingles*" (On the word of an Englishman); if he desires an appointment to be kept very punctually, he says, "*Punctual como un Ingles*."

Chili combines almost all varieties of climate and soil, and these naturally divide it into sections or zones. First is the northerly zone, including the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca, with their immense mineral deposits. Here are to be found the nitrate of soda, guano, and silver which make this region, despite its sterility, the richest in the world. In this zone rain never falls. The second zone is a rich agricultural district, where rain falls only in winter. The soil owes its fertility to the rich alluvial deposits brought down from the Andes by the rivers, and utilized by the system of irrigation in vogue, creating vegetation as luxuriant as that in the Nile delta. The climate here resembles that of Italy, and all the large towns of Chili are situated within it. The

third zone includes the beautiful province of Araucania, a country perhaps as favored by nature as any portion of the earth's surface. Until within two or three years ago, this region was practically in possession of the brave Indian tribes who long succeeded in keeping the Chilian forces at bay. They are now, however, completely subdued. The climate is similar to that of England at its best, and the country is peculiarly adapted for wheat-growing. The fourth zone includes the vast forests and lands extending to the Straits of Magellan. The climate is like that of Scotland and the west of Ireland, and this portion is more adapted to cattle-rearing than to agriculture.

The visitor to Chili naturally goes first of all to Valparaiso, the chief port and commercial centre of the country. The city is built on hills sloping down to the edge of the sea, and every inch of flat ground between hills and sea is covered with houses. This is the business portion, and extends for two or three miles along the shores of the bay, whilst the residential portion is built on the hills behind, with suburbs extending inland. It is a pleasant place; and what place would not be attractive when blest with so heavenly a climate? Situated very nearly in the centre of Chili, Valparaiso is admirably adapted for being the chief port of the west coast trade; from San Francisco in the north to Cape Horn in the south it has no rival; and here all the great business houses, banks, mining, and other companies, and the firms that control the trade of the country in nitrate of soda, copper, guano, wheat, and other exports, etc., are to be found.

The journey from Valparaiso to Santiago by rail occupies from three to four hours. This line of railway belongs to the State, and is highly profitable, but scarcely adequate for its large traffic. Mr. Eastman, the son of an English gentleman, owns a fine property on the way between Valparaiso and Santiago. On this hacienda everything is of the newest and most approved type. You see there English Shorthorns and Alderneys, South-down sheep, and even the pigs are of the best British breed. Owing to the system of irrigation already mentioned, the fine mud being brought from the Andes by the rivers, and settling on the land, where it acts as the best possible manure, cultivation has been continued for hundreds of years, yet the soil shows no sign of exhaustion, the rich compounds deposited by irrigation more than replacing what

has been abstracted from the soil. When I was at Limache, Mr. Eastman's property, it was midwinter, but the clover was then six inches high in the fields. Mr. Eastman's brother owns the neighboring hacienda, in which is a vineyard producing a wine of very fine quality, called "Urmenata," after Mr. Urmenata, the former proprietor there, who was one of the so-called copper kings of Chili. This wine is something between a Burgundy and a claret. The vineyard also produces an excellent Sauterne. In nothing is the progress of Chili more strikingly displayed than in the advance which has been made by the wine industry. Ten years ago hardly any native wine was drunk by the wealthier classes; now it is drunk by all classes. At present the wine production has not overtaken the consumption in Chili itself; but with the enormous extension of vineyard-planting throughout the country, prices of wine will certainly fall before long to a level that will enable profitable shipments abroad to be made. Large sums of money are now being invested by the wealthy landowners in vineyard-planting and wine-making apparatus. Frenchmen at high salaries are being brought to the country from the claret-producing districts of France, and no pains are being spared to make the business of vine-growing succeed. Those with whom I have conversed, who have studied the subject, are of opinion that in another two years the *export* of wine may be expected to take place. The wine industry in 1881 in Chili produced the large total of \$2,961,900. By 1885 this amount will be probably doubled. The fact that at the recent International Exhibition of Wines, at Bordeaux, Chili obtained four gold, seven silver, and seven bronze medals, in addition to five honorable mentions, speaks for the quality of her wines. It has been said that Chili is the country whose competition France will have most to reckon with in the future.

To describe Santiago is to describe the heart of Chili. It is to the Chilians what Paris is to the French, and those who have acquired wealth in other parts of the republic invariably come to Santiago to spend it. The town is situated on the river Mapocho, in the centre of a large plain surrounded by hills, with the giant peaks of the Andes in the background to the east, magnificently visible in the clear atmosphere, though they may be a hundred miles or more distant. The town was founded about three and a half centuries ago by Valdivia. It is laid out in

quadras (squares of about four acres), with the streets running uniformly at right angles to each other. There are several plazas or large squares, the most striking being that round which are grouped the cathedral, the municipal and other buildings, all of showy and Parisian appearance. Notwithstanding its age, the town does not possess an air of antiquity.

The house of one of the wealthier class, as a rule, covers about an acre of ground, and is built with a courtyard (*patio*) in the centre, filled with flowers and statuary. The house itself will not compare unfavorably with some of the finest private houses of Paris or London. In many cases every article of furniture is brought from Paris, ten thousand miles distant, and large sums are expended on the building and appointments. Frequently, indeed, it happens that in Santiago a man's house represents a third, and sometimes a half, of his entire income; but it must be remembered that establishments being smaller than in England, they are less expensive to maintain.

What is termed "society" is in Santiago very strict, exclusive, and aristocratic. The pride of family is quite as strong in republican Chili as in any of the old-world monarchies. The social life in Santiago is very enjoyable. There is much visiting in the evening at Santiago after the 6 P.M. dinner. When the receptions are held, one might fancy oneself in London or in Paris, so well dressed are the ladies, and so brilliantly lighted the spacious rooms, which generally open one into the other. About 10 P.M. tea is served, the table being usually covered with every kind of cake, for which Santiago is famous, and also with the excellent fruits of the country. The character of the upper classes is reserved, and in many points resembles that of the English. They have a keen appreciation of wit and love a good joke. The women of the country are very attentive to their religious observances, and are constantly to be seen dressed in plain black, with a black *manta* over the head, either going to or coming from church. This custom of the wearing of black for church by the women of all classes is a very excellent one, and might be adopted with advantage elsewhere than in Chili.

The land around Santiago is entirely dependent on irrigation, and produces magnificent crops. Many successive crops are taken off the same land within the year. Much of the irrigated land round Santiago is employed for the fatten-

ing of cattle, either for home consumption or for export from Valparaiso to the northern mineral districts in the deserts of Atacama and Tarapaca. Thousands of cattle are driven every year over the Andes from the Argentine Republic for this purpose. They get little or nothing to eat for six days whilst crossing, and arrive — that is to say the survivors — in almost skeleton condition. On my first visit to Chili I rode across the Andes and pampas to Buenos Ayres and I shall not soon forget the sight of the thousands of emaciated cattle to be seen staggering along the mountain track. The path was literally strewn with the bones of cattle that had perished by the way. On this journey we had left all the arrangements for feeding our own animals *en route* to the Argentine muleteers, with the result that there was not a morsel of food for the patient creatures during the whole of the six days it took us to cross the mountains, though we were perpetually assured that the requisite food would be forthcoming at the next resting-place. Horses, mules, and animals generally are so plentiful that self-interest, that prime mover of mankind, does not suggest the advantages of humane treatment.

From Santiago one naturally proceeds down the great central valley to Angol, the capital of the southern province of Araucania, a district some three hundred and sixty miles south of Santiago, inhabited by Indians, who for three centuries held their own against the Spaniards, and were only subdued within the last two or three years. The valley through which the railway runs lies between the coast range of hills about three thousand to four thousand feet high, and the giant Andes. The valley is very fertile, but comparatively treeless, and unattractive in appearance. At the stations we passed one could not fail to be struck by the contented appearance and fine *physique* of the peasantry: broad-shouldered, good-natured looking fellows, whose one great failing is the Old-World love of drink. At every station girls brought fruit, cakes, and wine for sale, and the finest pears and grapes I had ever seen. Last autumn the crop of grapes was so abundant that vessels could not be procured in sufficient quantity to contain the juice for wine-making. The present terminus of the railway is at Angol, on the confines of Araucania, which is now a prosperous town, although a short time ago not a house had been built. It stands close to the site of the old town, which was, with

eight others founded at the Spanish Conquest, destroyed by the Indians in one day in 1599. We were told also that two or three years ago the Indians, lance in hand, attacked simultaneously and with the greatest bravery all the Chilean forts in Araucania, but were everywhere repulsed with great slaughter. They now accept the inevitable, and acknowledge that they cannot withstand the withering fire of the modern rifle. Stopping at a large farm in Araucania entirely worked by Indian labor, I learned that the yield of wheat had averaged twenty bushels for one planted, and the return on capital invested was very large indeed. This farm, five or six years before, had been the hunting-ground of the wild man. The scenery continually reminded me of that of the old country. Here and there appeared large apple-orchards, and the land was as green and smiling as any part of England. It is a pity that the thousands of people who, struggling hard in thickly populated countries of the Old World, cannot earn enough to keep their families from hunger, do not avail themselves of the advantages of those distant and fertile Chilean lands still uncultivated.

The Araucanians are, or were, divided into six tribes, and governed by chiefs or caciques, under whom are sub-chiefs; and, until lately, these tribes could place many thousand fighting men in the field. The commandant of the nearest fort is now practically the ruler and judge, and as he reverses or ignores the decisions of the chiefs, the rule of the latter is rapidly coming to an end. It is curious to notice how litigious these Indians are. At every fort a crowd of them were waiting to bring their complaints before the commandant. One old Indian whom I saw was clamoring for decision on a case the facts of which had occurred ten years previously. Throughout this part of the country the Chilean government has placed a line of forts a few miles apart, for the purpose of keeping the Indians in order. Their mode of warfare is on horseback, their one weapon being a long lance of bamboo, twenty feet in length. They attack with the most awful cries, and when galloping away after a rout will extend themselves along their horses' sides, holding on in the most skilful manner, and thus making their horses' bodies serve them as shields. It fell to my lot to be present at a parliament of these Indians, and a most interesting occasion it was. I had set out to pay a visit to one of the chiefs, and on arrival at his hut was informed that he

was presiding at a meeting of chiefs at some distance off. Thither we rode, and at last came in sight of the assembly, which was held on an open space of grass-land about the size of Hyde Park, studded with large trees. On our arrival within half a mile of the spot we stopped, according to etiquette. Presently about a hundred and fifty mounted Indians broke away from the assembly, galloped towards us, and wheeled about a hundred yards off. We followed, and rode three times round the gathering. Our escort then left us, and we were invited to enter the circle of mounted Indians and listen to the debate. Never shall I forget the impression I formed of this wild man's parliament! We were treated with the utmost civility and attention. But though our reception was polite, it was certainly not cordial. It was evidently with no feelings of pleasure that these ancient owners of the soil received at last on terms of equality the white man whom for over three centuries they had kept at bay.

The president, who was the most powerful chief present, was mounted on a grey horse, with silver stirrups and a silver bit, and was in the centre of the group. Every now and then a murmur of applause or disapprobation arose, but beyond this there was not a word spoken by any one but the Indian who was addressing the assembly. He was recounting how his kindred had been slaughtered in a neighboring state — how his cattle had been taken, his men separated from their wives, and children torn from their mothers (terrible retaliation for some border raid). The speaker went on to say that he had fled to Chili, and that if the Chilean Indians would let him live there, with the remnants of his people, they would be very thankful. This Indian was still speaking when I left; he never faltered or hesitated for a word. I was told that some of these Indians will speak for over four hours without interruption. One of our party, I regret to say, made himself rather conspicuous by his levity of manner and the loud tone of voice in which he carried on conversation during this harangue. But the Indians did not seem to be disturbed by it; they listened to the orator addressing them with rapt attention, and taking no notice of incidents which would have irritated an English audience past endurance. I was particularly struck by the quiet dignity of manner and gentlemanly bearing of these Indians. A Chilean gentleman near me very justly observed, "Is it not curious

how extremes meet? How much the bearing of these poor Indians resembles that of what we call the highest civilized society!"

The faces of the Indians by whom we were surrounded impressed me favorably. Some few were fair, and must have had European blood in their veins. They were broad-chested, finely-built men, intelligent-looking, with well-formed heads, and I could not but be struck by one feature—the extraordinary brilliancy of their eyes, which gleamed like fire. They were all well mounted, the horses for the most part being adorned with silver bits and ornaments, the stirrups also in many cases being of silver. A piece of timber about twenty feet high, with a man's face carved on it, was embedded in the ground in the centre of the circle of Indians, and I understood that it was their custom to swear by this. They believe in a God, Creator of the universe; in inferior gods of good and evil, war, etc.; in the immortality of the soul; in polygamy and in the purchase system as applied to matrimony. They possess many good qualities—are faithful, courageous, and have extraordinary memories. One of their characteristics is inordinate laziness. I never saw them out of their huts until eleven o'clock in the morning, and then they would saunter forth and stretch themselves on the ground, with the chin supported on the hands. In this position they talk together for hours. I have already mentioned their expertness in horsemanship. In riding it is their custom only to place the big toe in the stirrup. They eat horseflesh, and prefer the flesh of mares to that of oxen. It is sad to think that the modern civilization which may benefit their children is now by its accompaniment fast destroying the parents, who are fearfully addicted to strong drink.

Before leaving Araucania, I visited the place where the famous Araucanian pines are to be seen in their finest growth. At the foot of the Andes is the Great Central Valley, about sixty miles broad, and on the other side of this is the coast range of hills called the Nahuelbuta. It is on the slopes of these hills that the pines grow best. Our route lay at first through beautiful country, like that of our English home counties; then we came to rising ground, and entered upon a thick forest, where every kind of creeper and tree, especially evergreens, was growing in luxuriant abundance. We slept at an estancia about twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The next day

we set out for the pinerias. We gradually ascended fifteen hundred feet more, and on gaining the crest of a little hill, came upon a valley some ten miles long by four broad completely filled with the giant pine-trees. We rode beneath them and felt like pigmies. A vast number must have been at least one hundred feet high. I measured some with a lasso, and at the height of a man's head on horseback they were nineteen to twenty feet in girth, and some of the trees which had been blown down proved to exceed one hundred feet in length. I tried to observe where those of largest growth were to be found, but could not make out that they grew better in one place than in another. In some places the ground was swampy, and the trees were flourishing there; in other parts it was rocky, yet there also they seemed to thrive equally well. One colossal tree was growing out of a great boulder of rock, and was so imbedded in it that it was impossible to see where the rock ended and the tree began. Then again in exposed positions, on the bare hillsides, the large trees were to be seen equally flourishing. In winter the ground up here is covered with snow for days at a time, and as we did not meet with the trees lower down than thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, it would seem that an elevated and exposed situation suits them best. All the large pines have the appearance of gigantic umbrellas, having lost their branches, with the exception of those at the very top.

The bulk of the Chilean lower classes is descended from the Spaniard and the Indian, and there can be no doubt that the mingling of the races has had a beneficial result, the phlegmatic temperament of the Indian modifying the impressionable nature of the Spaniard. I was told that in the war with Peru it was extraordinary to witness the insensibility to bodily suffering of the Chilean soldiery. An English doctor, who through the whole campaign was on the Chilean medical staff, said that the men felt pain far less than an Englishman would have done. The temperament of the Chilean lower class is very different to that of the inhabitants of the northern republics, where the climate is warmer; it is indeed quite as marked as the difference between that of the Scotch and the Italians. The pay of the Chilean laborer is small. Until education creates for him wants which do not now exist, it is better that his pay should remain low, for any surplus would almost certainly go in drink. A good deal is being done in

the way of education, but much more remains to be accomplished. The population is so scattered that it is difficult to extend the advantages of education throughout the whole of the country districts.

The seat of the government is Santiago. The political constitution of Chili consists of the president, and Legislature or National Congress, composed of an Upper and a Lower House, the former renewed one-third every three years, the latter elected triennially. The president is elected every five years by the people, and is not eligible for re-election except after an interval of one term. Under him are five ministers and a Council of State, composed of eleven members, five of whom are chosen by the president himself under certain regulations, and the other six elected by the Congress, their term of office being for three years. The salary of the president is eighteen thousand dollars a year, the present holder of that office being Don Domingo Santa Maria. The ministers receive six thousand dollars a year, and the members of the Council of State give their services gratuitously. The various provinces are ruled by intendentes (governors) named by the president, and removable at his will. The departments are administered by governors appointed in the same way, and there are sub-delegates, who are unpaid, corresponding to our unpaid magistracy. The members of Congress, of whom thirty-seven belong to the Senate and one hundred and eight to the Lower House, are, like our members of Parliament, chosen from among the richest and most influential men in the country. Although Chili is called a republic, it is governed in a very conservative manner. The change of parties there means simply the retirement from office of one set of rich men to be succeeded by another set of rich men; both parties holding much the same views, and being absolutely in accord as to the paramount necessity of peace and order. Chili is the only South American country possessing an unpaid national Legislature, and to this must be attributed in no small degree her singular immunity from corruption. In no other South American country are the members of the legislature of higher standing and position than those of Chili, and in no other country is property safer, the people more orderly, or the standard of patriotism higher than in this one. The fact that political services are unpaid is a great damper to the professional politician, who — a familiar

figure in most of the other American communities — is ready to support anybody or anything so long as the result of his election is so much a year to himself during the sitting of Parliament. If other South American nations had been governed as Chili is, by those who having their wants supplied as far as mere money could supply them, were less accessible to the debasing influences of corruption, they would have made greater advances, and the large external debts, which not only have impoverished the lenders, the unfortunate bondholders, but have actually impoverished the people to whom the money was lent, would for the most part never have been incurred. If the heads of the government are corrupt, and make their hundreds of thousands out of some gigantic financial job, if the representatives of the people make a traffic of their opinions and their votes, how are the minor officials expected to be honest? Is it to be anticipated that the customs-house officer will be proof against a bribe, or the judge do justice without favor? It thus comes about that in many of the South American States, though in theory there is democracy, in practice there are no countries where the unscrupulous use of wealth gives greater weight and influence.

Of the character of the government and people of Chili, a striking illustration may be given from the history of the recent war with Peru and Bolivia. At the outbreak of this war the army consisted of about three thousand to four thousand regulars, and twenty-five thousand militia. The militia was at once raised to fifty-five thousand, and in an incredibly short time twenty thousand men were fully equipped and sent to the Peruvian coast, where, it will be remembered, the theatre of operations was an arid desert some thirteen hundred miles from Valparaíso. Thither everything required for the maintenance of an army had to be sent by sea: even water had to be distilled for its use. The force was indeed a large one for a small nation of under twenty-five hundred thousand to keep provisioned, and supplied with munitions of war and transport. The patriotism and cohesion of the nation appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered that after nearly two years' fighting, and after enduring the most severe losses and hardships from the desert warfare and the rifles of the enemy, the army that carried the strongholds around Lima consisted of twenty-six thousand fighting men, seventy long-range

well-equipped guns, and a large force of well-mounted cavalry, of whom in this last and memorable battle nearly fifty-five hundred were killed or wounded.

Southern Chili is rich in coal. The great bay of Arauco is studded with mining villages, whence the coal is sent up to the north, copper in turn being brought down to be smelted. But more important to other countries than her great coal-fields are the deposits of nitrate of soda in the north of Chili. These deposits are found in the rainless districts of Atacama and Tarapaca in layers of varying thickness, which are supposed to have once been the beds of long dried-up lagunes. In its original state the ore varies greatly in richness, the proportion of pure nitrate ranging from twenty to seventy per cent. The purest deposits are in Tarapaca. The nitrate of soda is extracted by being first dissolved in water, which removes the dirt and other components. The nitrate is then allowed to crystallize, and from this raw material are obtained nitrate of soda, sulphate of soda and magnesia, iodine, and common salt. It is believed that the present price of nitrate of soda is abnormally low, and it is only those grounds that contain the richest raw material and have the newest machinery and best facilities for transport that can compete with any profit at the present prices. One or two large nitrate establishments there are which can place nitrate containing ninety-six per cent. of the pure substance on board ship for about £8 a ton, making by the transaction a small profit. But these establishments have exceptional facilities, and on the whole it would appear that the generally low prices that have existed for some time are to a considerable extent attributable to the large sales of guano which have been made on account of the Chilean government and the Peruvian bondholders, as a consequence of the result of the late war. Notwithstanding, however, the severe character of this competition, the quantity of the nitrate of soda exported is increasing year by year. It is probable that with the working out of the present richest and most accessible deposits, and a diminution in the large sales of guano, the British farmer will shortly find that he has to pay more for his nitrate of soda than he is doing now — unless, indeed, invention steps in, and provides some cheaper methods of extraction.

As for English manufactures imported into Chili, there can, I think, be no doubt that on the whole they are more genuine and reliable than those of other nations.

Considerable business competition has arisen of late, and this mainly from the large number of Germans who have come to the country and are now settled there. Many of these, no doubt, are only tillers of the soil. A German colony was established some few years ago at Valdivia, in the south of Chili, and though the climate is by no means so good as that of some other parts of the country, the settlers have thriven immensely, and will one day assuredly exercise an important influence in the country. But it is not as tillers of the soil that German competition is of importance. Without counting several great English houses now represented by Germans, the Teuton flood has already made great inroads on the best positions in every branch of Chilean commerce, with the result, *pro tanto*, of displacing the English element. The effect of this will be felt even more in the future than at the present time. Although Germans, like Englishmen, will not pay more for goods because they happen to be manufactured by their own countrymen, still, the prices being equal, human nature comes in, and the German orders from the German. The German, moreover, seems to possess greater power of adapting themselves to the requirements of the country than the Englishman. He usually knows two languages, English and French, in addition to his own, and with characteristic industry he manages very quickly to acquire Spanish as well. His superiority to the Englishman in this matter must be freely admitted by the latter; and to this, and also to the fact that the Germans are willing to work for lower salaries than the English, the great demand for the services of the former is to be attributed. The Germans themselves deny that their countrymen are willing to work for lower remuneration than the English; but I am inclined to think, from all I heard while in the country, that the truth lies between the two statements. The German is willing to enter an office at a lower salary than an Englishman thinks he can live on, but when the German has established his own value and made himself a position, he takes care to demand and secure the full market equivalent for his services. There can be no doubt that German competition will be an important factor in the future of England's commercial dealings with Chili. A line of steamships lately started between Hamburg and Chili is proving already highly successful, and paying large dividends to the shareholders.

But however much the German may compete with the Englishman in the merchant's office, the English or Scotch mechanic is everywhere a thriving individual and highly considered. There are many men in good positions in South America who had begun life as British mechanics sent out to be foremen or artisans in executing some great work. By dint of hard labor and hard-headedness they have worked themselves up the ladder to positions they could never have dreamt of attaining in the old country. Does not this point a lesson for those intending to settle in countries like South America? If a comparatively uneducated man can be eminently successful, just because he was in the first instance a clever handicraftsman, would it not be greatly to the advantage of those who have to fight the battle of life, especially in undeveloped lands like those of South America, if to a "liberal" education they could add the knowledge of some handicraft, and so be ready to work either with a saw or a pen, as occasion required?

The general prosperity of the country is amply proved by the fact that whereas in 1880 the imports were \$27,100,000, and the exports \$46,482,000, in 1882 imports had increased to \$53,500,000 and exports to \$71,400,000. The treasury accounts of the republic just published show that from January to September, 1883, inclusive, the fiscal entries have been \$30,436,373, showing an excess of the returns for the same period of 1882 of \$335,966. On the other side, the disbursements for the nine months amounted to \$25,902,573.

There is no doubt that the tendency for English capital to seek investment in South America has greatly increased of late, and also that many persons would be more ready at the present moment to purchase and work an estate in South America than in some parts of the United Kingdom. It is estimated that about £140,000,000 sterling of English money is invested in South America; certainly of this vast sum not the least secure or profitable portion is that which is invested in Chili. The immense tribute paid annually to England from investments in land, railways, and every conceivable industry is as secure as the law can make it. In no one of the South American republics have I ever heard feelings of dissatisfaction expressed regarding the immense sums received annually by European, chiefly British capitalists, from their investments, and at the still greater sums which they will one day receive, by the

flood of immigration raising the capital value of their property. On the contrary, the people gladly see the purchase of estates by foreigners, as they think it will then be some one's interest to promote the settlement of their own particular country, and are quite content that the absentee landlord in Europe should receive his uttermost farthing, to recompense him and to encourage others. The necessities of life are so abundant and so easily earned, the road to wealth is open to so many, that antipathy to property, or socialistic ideas, may be said to be non-existent. One constantly hears people say, "These South American republics are in a perpetual state of revolution." So far as Chili is concerned, this is not the fact: for a quarter of a century there has been no sign of revolution in the country, and I can confidently assert that respect for law and order is there very deeply rooted, and has become in fact a part of the national character.

COCHRANE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER XIV.

REYNOLD'S REGRET.

WITH the passing of that gleam of moonlight it seemed to Reynold Harding that Mitchelhurst Place disappeared finally into the abyss that waits for all created things. Where the house, in its curious ghastly whiteness, had stood a moment earlier, was now nothing but baffling gloom, and the very gate vanished into the shadows, as if there were no need of any substantial barrier between him and the lost vision. The scene had closed with dramatic suddenness, and he felt that the play was played out, but how long he stood staring at the dusky curtain he did not know.

At last he turned, and made his way down the dim road. The bewildering obscurity seemed to press upon his sight, and he quickened his pace to gain the corner where his glance might rest on the scattered lamps of Mitchelhurst Street—little flames shuddering and struggling in the gale. He had gone about half the distance to his lodgings, when he saw two advancing eyes of fire at the end of the street. Nearer and nearer they came,

but, owing to the clamor of the wind, the noise of wheels was inaudible till the carriage was close upon him where he paused on the sidewalk. Then for a moment there was a gleam of light upon the road, and in it appeared, as in a kind of magic-lantern picture, a sorry looking grey horse, travelling reluctantly beyond his stable at the inn, a shabby driver, buttoned closely against the wind, with his hat pulled low on his brows, a flashing of revolving wheels, and the black silhouette of the Mitchelhurst fly. Harding looked after it till he saw the lamp shine for a moment with sudden brightness as the carriage turned, and then go out. After this fashion was Mr. Hayes, too, lost in the darkness which had swallowed everything else, and Reynold's gaze conveyed a not unkindly farewell.

The night gathered and deepened in the village, and the great starless dome bent its vaulted gloom over the half-dozen lights which glimmered on cottages and cabbage plots. Now and again a dog would bark, or the wind would pass with a wilder wail, and the sign of the Rothwell Arms would creak discordantly. The people to whom that little hollow was the world, lay close and safe in their houses, awakened, perhaps, by the gale to hope that no tiles would fall, and no damage be done in the gardens, listening drowsily for a while, and then turning in their beds to sleep again.

It was not till the moon was low in the west that it broke once more through the clouds, and, peering in at a small uncurtained window, revealed the white face of a man who sat by it, with drooping head and listless hands. He was not asleep, but he did not move. With that same glance the moon espied St. Michael in the lancet window, sedulously trampling on his little dragon, while the old clock above his head recorded the passing of the hours with a labor of slow strokes. Those two, and those two only, did the moon see in all Mitchelhurst, and then vanished again and left them, till the wind went down, and the day came slowly over the grey fields, with a deluge of autumnal rain.

Mrs. Simmonds was sorry to lose her lodger, and sorry that the weather should be so bad, and that he should look so pale. She busied herself about his breakfast, and brought him the local paper with the air of a successful prophet.

"I told you there'd be another to-day, sir," she said as she laid it down, "and here it is!" Reynold briefly acknowl-

edged the attention, but he never touched it. "So set as he was upon that other one!" said Mrs. Simmonds later to her husband.

Simmonds suggested that he might have found something that specially interested him in the other paper, somebody dead and leaving money, maybe, or somebody mysteriously disappeared, or something — he looked as if he'd had a shock of some sort. But Mrs. Simmonds was inclined to think that he was most likely upset by the thought of his railway journey. She knew it was all *she* could do to swallow a bit, if she were going anywhere, with all her packing on her mind, and very likely the gentleman was of the same way of feeling. As to a shock, he hadn't got any shock out of the paper, she knew. He might have had some bad news in the letters Miss Strange brought him, for he told her with his own lips that they were very important, and that was why she came with them herself.

"You see, the old gentleman was out," said Mrs. Simmonds, "so I suppose she didn't know what to do."

"I shouldn't think the old gentleman would be best pleased," said Simmonds.

The good woman considered for a moment.

"Well, I shan't tell him," she announced finally.

Harding drove to the nearest station in a gig. The rain was not so heavy then, the downpour had become a persistent drizzle. Nevertheless the village looked drenched and dismal enough as he bade it good-bye, and swung round the corner of the churchyard wall, where the yellow weeds stood up in the crevices behind the slant grey veil, and the great black-plumaged yews let fall their heavy tears upon the graves. In another minute a clump of trees hid the square tower and the leaden roof, and Mitchelhurst was left behind. But the young man looked right and left at the wet hedgerows till they reached a spot where a ploughed field rose above the bank on one side, while on the other a deep, bramble-grown ditch divided the road from the sodden meadows. He fixed his eyes on that. It was exactly a week that Wednesday since he first met Barbara Strange.

Late that afternoon he walked into a dull room in a dull suburb of London, and a woman who stood in the window, snipping the dead fronds from a homesick-looking fern, turned to meet him. There was no mistaking the relationship. Allowing for the difference of sex and age,

they were as like as they could possibly be, except that in every glance and gesture the woman showed a fuller and richer life than did the man. There was something of imperious grace in her movements which made him seem awkward, hesitating, and constrained. She suffered him to touch her cheek with his lips, but showed no inclination to speak first.

"Back again, you see," he said, drawing a chair to the hearth-rug.

"Yes. I should think you must be wet."

"Damp, I suppose."

He glanced round the room. The flock paper, the red curtains, the grimy windows, the smoky fire, had the strange novelty which the most familiar things will sometimes put on. The atmosphere was loaded with acrid fog, and the blackness of the great city. He raised his foot and warmed a muddy boot, while his thoughts went back to the stateliness and airy purity of the old manor house, where the great logs crackled and glowed upon the hearths.

Mrs. Harding came and rested her elbow on the chimneypiece, looking down at her son.

"I left Mitchelhurst this morning," said he, after a pause.

"Yes? Well, I suppose you had seen enough of it."

"It was time to come home, anyhow," he said.

"You had business in town?"

The tone and words would have served as well for any chance visitor.

"Yes — naturally."

He put the other foot to the fire by way of a change.

"I did not know," said Mrs. Harding.

"I have nothing to do with your business. It certainly isn't mine. You are always welcome to be here as much as you please, but of course you will attend to your own affairs."

Reynold made no answer.

"You are your own master," she continued, after a short silence. "I have recognized that for some years. I have not expected you to go my way."

"One must go one's own way, I suppose," said the young man.

"And if I expected you to show some slight consideration for me, in taking the way you have chosen — I was mistaken!"

He stirred the fire, and replaced the poker, but did not look at her or speak.

"You know what I mean?" she demanded.

"Perfectly."

"Reynold, you might have written! Your uncle's offer deserved a word. I do not say you might have accepted it, but you might have refused it courteously. Was that so much to ask? You have insulted him wantonly, and he will never pardon it. After all, he is your father's brother, and an old man. Reynold, you should have written!"

He did not raise his eyes from the burning coals.

"Well," he said, "I did propose to write before I went away."

She winced at the thrust.

"I was wrong!" she owned, with bitter passion in her voice. "It would have been better."

"As things have turned out," said Reynold, "I think it would."

Poor little Barbara! If that angry, dark-eyed woman had known how near the fulfilment of her hopes had been, and lost by how pitiful a chance! But the secret was safe.

Kate Harding drew a long breath.

"Well I have no more to say about it. Perhaps it is best that we should understand each other. You knew how your silence would wound me; it was deliberate — it was calculated. Well, it *has* wounded me, I don't deny it. But it is all over now, and you will never wound me again. Do what you please, now and always — as you have done."

He signified his attention sullenly, with a slight movement of his head.

"It is all over," she continued. "The situation is filled up, and nothing would ever induce Robert Harding to suffer you to enter his office — not if you offered to sweep it! He will not trouble you any more, and, since the matter is ended, let it never be mentioned between us again."

It was easy to see that she was, as she had said, deeply wounded, and there was a tragical intensity in her speech. Her son made answer with the same mute gesture of assent.

Presently she moved away, and for a few minutes she busied herself about the room. She gathered up the leaves she had cut off, put away two or three things that were lying about, and then came back to him.

"Dinner will be ready at the usual time," she said, in a cold, every-day voice. "And then we can talk — of other things."

"Yes," Reynold answered, with a start, looking up from his reverie. He had been

thinking of the evening before. When he went into the little sitting-room after his walk, and Barbara rose up from the sofa to meet him, he had been startled, she was confused and frightened, and they had forgotten the ordinary greetings. And then they had talked, he had sat looking at her, he had stood up and held himself aloof — *how* had he done it? Well, it had been for Barbara's sake. Afterwards they had gone through Mitchelhurst together. Together? No, absurdly apart, with the breadth of the street between them. And at last they had talked at the gate, and he had vexed her, and she had hurried away without a word of farewell. It seemed to him now that he had never meant that. It was impossible he could have meant it. Why, they had never shaken hands, he had never touched her, and he remembered that she had no glove on, he had seen her hand in the moonlight on the latch of the gate. She had said, "Let us part friends," he had only to consent.

It is well that we cannot recall our moments of temptation. Reynold had been able to pain her then with a jest, he had been strong enough in his bitterness of heart to let her go without a word, but now as he sat staring at the fire, idly clasping his knee, he regretted his strength. If he could have taken Barbara's hand, he would, and the long fingers, loosely knit together, suddenly tightened at the thought. A woman's small hand would not have had much chance of escape from such a clasp as that.

But at that moment his mother aroused him from his musings.

CHAPTER XV.

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

THE first week of December had not gone by, and already the winter had set in. Mr. Pryor, as he walked from the vicarage up the lonely road to Mitchelhurst Place, said to himself that it was a most unpleasant afternoon. Of his own free will he would not have left his fireside, but destiny had turned him out, and he went feebly and heavily along the iron road, feeling as if nature were in a mood of freezing malice and took pleasure in his sufferings. The air was still, yet it came very keenly to his pallid face, his feet were cold, the hand that held his umbrella was remarkably cold, a red-edged manual of prayers and devotional readings, tucked under his left arm, showed a tendency to slip, and altogether Mr. Pryor had a half-numbed sense that it was not

fair that any one should want him in such weather.

The sky was grey, a chilly fog narrowed the horizon, and all the hedges and boughs in the little frozen landscape were covered with hoarfrost. It was like a dream of a dead spring. Every little clump of trees was an orchard, white with sterile blossoming, spectral flowers which would vanish as suddenly as they had come. Every sound was deadened, till it was almost startling to come upon a man at work by the wayside, lopping hoary branches from the hedge, and flinging them down, with all their delicate tangle of white sprays upon the frosted grass. It was a grim task to be the only sign of energy in that ghostlike world; such a task as in an old picture death himself might have undertaken. Happily, however, for good Mr. Pryor's nerves, it was the face of an ordinary flesh-and-blood laborer, with the breath steaming from his gaping mouth, that was lifted as he went by.

The vicar crept, shivering, up the avenue to the house, which was more than ever like a great white tomb. He asked the servant who admitted him how Mr. Hayes was that afternoon.

"Much the same, thank you, sir," said the woman, showing him into the yellow drawing-room, and putting a piece of wood on the fire. "I'll tell Miss Strange you are here."

He stood miserably on the rug, looking down into the fender, and squeezing his red-edged book under his arm, till at the sound of the opening door he turned and saw Barbara. The girl came forward quickly, and touched the fumbling fingers which he held out, as she uttered a word of greeting.

"Mr. Hayes is much the same, they tell me," said the clergyman in a melancholy voice.

"Yes," said Barbara, "I suppose there isn't any difference. But I think anyhow he isn't any worse. Mamma is with him, and he was taking some beef tea just now" — Mr. Pryor nodded grave approval of the beef tea — "but he'll be very glad to see you in a few minutes. Won't you sit down?"

He sat down, nursing the book, which had a narrow ribbon hanging out of it.

"I hope Mrs. Strange is pretty well — as well as can be expected?" he said, after a pause. "Not over fatigued, I trust?"

"Oh, no; I don't think so," the girl replied. "Mamma seems very well."

"Ah, quite so. She bears up, she bears up. Well, that is what we must all try to do—to bear up. It is the only thing."

"Yes," said Barbara. She was not quite sure that she ought to have said that her mother seemed very well. "Of course it is a trying time," she added, by way of softening the possibly indiscreet admission.

"Certainly, certainly—very trying for you both," Mr. Pryor agreed. Yet even to his dull eyes it was apparent that this very trying time had not dimmed the bright face opposite. There was a peculiar radiance and warmth of youth about Barbara that afternoon, a glow of life which forced itself on his perception. She did not smile, she was very quiet, and yet it seemed as if some new delight, some unspoken hope, had awakened within her, quickening and kindling her to the very finger-tips. She sat demurely in her low chair, with her face turned towards the window, but there was a soft flame of color on her cheek, and a light in her eyes when she lifted her drooping lashes. In that great, cold house, through which the shadow of death was creeping, she was the incarnation of life and promise, a curious contrast to her surroundings. It would hardly have seemed stranger if suddenly, in the desolate world without, one had come on a burning bush of pomegranate flowers among the cold frost-blossoms of the Mitchelhurst hedges.

Mr. Pryor felt something of all this. He did not quite like it. Of course he did not want to see the girl haggard and weary, but he was so chilly, as he sat there by the fireside with his book on his knee, that it seemed to him as if the swift, light pulsations of youth were hardly proper. He would have been more at his ease with Barbara if she had had a slight toothache, or a cold in her head. He felt it his duty to depress her a little, quietly, as she sat there.

"The hour of death's approach is a very solemn one, even for the by-standers," Mr. Pryor began, after a moment's consideration.

Barbara said, "Yes, it was," with an almost disconcerting readiness.

"Yes, yes, and we should endeavor to profit by it. We should spend it, not only in regrets for those who are about to be taken from us, but in thoughts of the future."

Barbara's red lips parted in another "Yes." The future—she was thinking of it. It was easier to think of it than of the old man who was dying.

"Of the future," Mr. Pryor continued, caressing the smooth leather of his book with his ungloved hand, and softly pulling the pendent ribbon, "of the time when we shall be lying—yes, yes, each one of us—as our friend is now." He glanced up at the ceiling, to indicate that he meant Mr. Hayes, taking his beef tea in the bedroom on the first floor.

The girl said nothing, but looked meditatively at the folds of her dress, as if she were in church. It would have been pleasanter if Mr. Pryor had brought a funeral sermon out of his table drawer, and could have gone on without these embarrassing pauses.

"When our hour is at hand," he said at last, "as—as it must be one of these days—how shall we feel then, Miss Strange?"

Barbara didn't know.

"No," said the vicar, "we don't know. But we must think—we must think. Try to picture yourself in your uncle's position—what would your life look to you if you were lying there now?"

She looked up with a sudden startled flash. "I haven't had my life—it would only look like a beginning," she said with a vision as of a rose-garlanded doorway to a vault. "If I were going to die directly I couldn't feel like Uncle Hayes."

The passionate speech awoke the clergyman's instinct of assent. "No, no," he said, "certainly not. Certainly not." At that moment a message came: "Would Mr. Pryor kindly step up-stairs?" and he went, not altogether sorry to bring his little discourse to a close.

Barbara, left to herself, sat gazing at the window, till at last the hinted smile, which had troubled her companion, betrayed itself in a tender, changeful curve. "Adrian!" she said softly, under her breath. "Oh, how could I? How could I? Adrian! and I thought you didn't care!"

She was restless with happiness. She sprang up, and walked to and fro, too glad at heart to complain of the walls that held her, and yet feeling that she needed air and freedom for her joy. She leaned against the window, and looked out at the wintry world, murmuring Adrian's name against the chilly pane. There was no voice to give her back her tender speech, yet she hardly missed it. No praise is so sweet to a woman as the reproaches she heaps upon herself for an unjust suspicion of her lover. To defend him to others is a mixture of joy and pain, but to feel that she has wronged him, and that to trust

him is safer than to trust her doubts, is a passionate delight.

This joy had come to Barbara that very morning. She had been sitting in her uncle's room, reading a novel by the fire-side, while the old man slept, as she thought. She softly turned page after page till a feeble voice broke the silence. "Where's your mamma?" said Mr. Hayes.

"Down-stairs, writing letters. Do you want her?" And Barbara stood ready to go.

"No, I don't want her. Writing her daily bulletins, eh? Well, well. What's the time? You haven't given me my medicine."

"It's very nearly time," said Barbara, with a glance at the clock. There was a little clinking of bottle and glass, and then she came to the bedside, and stood looking down at the wrinkled, fallen face among the pillows. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"Wait a bit, can't you?" said the old man.

She waited, looking aside, yet watching for the slightest movement on his part. Her soft young fingers closed round the half-filled glass, and his dim eyes rested on them. Presently he roused himself with an effort, and the girl put another pillow behind him. He stretched out a trembling, dingy-white hand, carried the glass to his lips a little uncertainly, and emptied it.

She set it down. "Shall I take away that pillow?" she asked.

"No — wait."

Barbara, after a minute, shifted her position, and stood by the carved post at the foot of the bed, while her thoughts went back to her novel. She was not heartless, she was only young. Her uncle had never been very much to her, and she found it as difficult to concentrate her mind on this melancholy business of sickness and dissolution as if it were a sermon. And yet she did sincerely desire to behave properly, and to feel properly, too, if it could be managed.

The little old man rested a while, sitting up in his bed. He perceived that the girl's thoughts were far away. He could keep her standing there as long as he pleased, a motionless figure against the faded green curtains, but he could not narrow her world to his sick room. Perhaps for that very reason he felt a desire to awaken her from her reverie.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Nineteen."

The answer was given with a lifting of her long lashes. She had not expected any question about herself.

"Nineteen?"

"Yes. At least I shall be nineteen next month."

A month more or less made little difference to Barbara.

"As much as that?" he said. "Barbara, perhaps I ought to say something before I go."

Her attention was effectually aroused, and her brilliant gaze rested on the dull, waxen mask before her. But after a moment his eyes fell away from hers.

"I thought I did right," he said.

"Yes?" Barbara questioned.

"That young man who came here — what was his name?"

"Mr. Harding"

"No, no, no!" he cried irritably. "No! What made you think of him? The first one!"

"Mr. Scarlett?"

He nodded.

"But it doesn't matter," he said. "If you were thinking of the other one it doesn't matter about Scarlett."

"What about him?"

"He wanted to speak to you before he went away, and I told him to wait. Better to wait — you were so young, you know."

"He *did* want to speak to me!" the girl exclaimed under her breath.

"Plenty of time," said Mr. Hayes.

"He's young too. I told him he could come again to Mitchelhurst if he felt the same. I thought it was best — I thought it was best," he repeated, trying to drown a faint consciousness that to have parted with Barbara would have upset all his arrangements.

"I'm sure you did," she answered soothingly.

"I know your mother would say it was best — wouldn't she? Besides, I didn't do any harm, since you were thinking of the other one."

"He was here last," said Barbara.

"So he was," the sick man answered, with a flash of his old briskness. "And girls soon forget."

Barbara said nothing. What was the good of protestations? She would never utter a word against Reynold Harding — never. And what could she say about Adrian Scarlett? She had not owned to herself that she cared for him. If she did — and she was conscious of strong pulsations, which flushed her face, and filled her veins with tingling warmth —

the more reason for silence. She laid a hand on the carved foliage of the post, and faced the dim figure propped in the bed. There was something grotesquely feeble about the little man's attitude. His face, discolored and pale, drooped in the greenish shadow of the hangings, his unshaven chin rested on his breast, his parchment hands lay in a little nerveless heap on the counterpane before him. One would have said that he was set up in sport, as children set up dolls and ninnies, on purpose to be knocked over.

"Hada'n't you better lie down?" said Barbara, after considering him for a while. She wanted to speak tenderly, for the sake of the strange new gladness which was throbbing at her heart; yet the facts of sickness and hopeless decay had never seemed so distasteful. When he assented, she put her arm about him with the utmost care, but she could hardly help shrinking from the clutch of his chilly fingers on her wrist.

"Rothwells are a bad lot," he said, "bad and poor. Scarlett would be a better match. Some of his people have money."

The habit of deference to her Uncle Hayes prevented her from resenting this speech.

"Never mind about that, please, uncle," she said gently.

"Good family, too," said Mr. Hayes, indistinctly to himself. "I did it for the best, as your mamma would see."

"Never mind about mamma, Uncle Hayes," said the girl again. "I'm sure you had better rest a little."

And when he acquiesced she went back to her novel, which was all about Adrian Scarlett. After all, he had not gone off without a thought of her — he had *not* slighted her. Perhaps she was too young, and at any rate she could not be angry with her uncle since he had told her of Adrian's love. She had a right to think of him as Adrian, surely, if he loved her. So he had been sent away — where? Perhaps he would see somebody else, somebody better and more beautiful, and she would be forgotten. Well! — Barbara's eyes were fixed intently on the page — even if he did forget her, it might break her heart, but she need not be ashamed that she had thought of him, since she held the happy certainty that he had thought of her. Happen what might in his after life, he had loved her once — he had! — he had! And she had feared that he had only laughed at her, she had thought that he might be heartless — oh,

how was it possible that she could have been so wickedly unjust! She deserved that he should never come back to her.

It was an incongruous business altogether. It was as if a breath from a burial vault had quickened the faint flame in Barbara's heart to sudden splendor, for if old Hayes had actually been the mummy he very much resembled, he could not have been more remote from any comprehension of the message which he had delivered. His lips had relaxed in utter feebleness, and the secret had escaped. He did not see the look which flashed into the girl's eyes, and when Mrs. Strange, who might have been more observant, came to take her place by the bedside, Barbara stole softly away, hanging her head in the consciousness of those flushed cheeks, which seemed too like holiday wear for such a melancholy time. Her mother might have been surprised, for she had been a little uneasy, fancying that the girl looked sad. Barbara was but a young thing, and had been left too long shut up with but dismal company.

And if Mrs. Strange had only known it, the poor little girl had been her own most dismal company. From the time that Reynold Harding went away she had been restless, frightened, and miserable. When the exaltation of that evening had passed, a sudden terror at the thought of her own daring overtook her. She was not only afraid of her uncle's anger, but doubtful whether she had not really committed an unpardonable sin against the social law. When she hurried to Harding with the letters, she had somehow vaguely believed that he would shelter her, that he would stand by her if she were blamed. And when he had played with her, refused to trust her, and vanished into the night with a mocking smile, leaving her utterly alone, she had felt absurdly desolate. At first she had waited, in sickening apprehension, for her uncle to hear of her visit to Mr. Harding. Fate, however, seemed whimsically inclined to protect her. First there was the storm of rain which prevented a meeting with all the gossips of Mitchelhurst at the penny reading. Then, a day or two later, came Mr. Hayes's accident — a mere slip on the stairs, it was supposed, till the doctor hinted at something in the nature of a fit. Barbara saw that detection was postponed, but still she felt that the sword hung over her head, and night after night she tossed in an agony of doubt. Had she really done anything very dreadful? She recalled Mr. Harding's ambiguous words and glances

— did they mean that he thought lightly of a girl who would go to him as she had done? Over and over again she asked the useless questions, Did they mean that? Did they not? What *did* they mean? And leaving his meaning out of the matter, what would other people say? Suppose she went and told them — ah! but how and what would she tell them? She might say, "I found I hadn't posted Mr. Harding's letters, so I took them to him at once: wasn't that the best thing to do?" How right and reasonable it sounded! But if she said, "I went secretly to a man's lodgings at night —" at the mere thought a blush passed over her like a scorching wave of fire. What would her mother say?

Even in her misery she was childish enough to wince at the thought of her sisters at home. She had been proud to be mistress of a house while they were still in the schoolroom, and the idea that she had been wanting in dignity, perhaps even in modesty, and that she might be ostentatiously controlled and watched, by way of punishment, was intolerable to her. To be humiliated before Louisa and Hetty — how could she endure it? They were not ill-natured, but they had a little resented her advancement, and Barbara, as she lay in her great overshadowing bed, could fancy all the outspoken comments and questionings in the roomy attic where the three used to sleep. She did not want to go back to the Devonshire vicarage, and yet Mitchelhurst was fast becoming hateful to her. The pictures on the walls gazed at her with Reynold's eyes, his presence haunted the house from which he had been banished. What was the wrong that she had done him? She did not know, and the uncertainty seemed to mock her as he had mocked her that night. The poor child said to herself quite seriously that he had taken away all her youth and happiness. She fancied that she felt old and weary as the days went by, fretting her simple heart with unacknowledged fear.

And now suddenly came the message of Adrian's love, and lifted her above all her dreary little troubles. What did it matter that it was uttered by those dry, bloodless lips, which stumbled over the blissful words? What did anything matter since Adrian cared for her, and life was all to come? Why had she tormented herself about Reynold Harding! *Reynold Harding!* He was utterly insignificant, he was nobody! She could tell Adrian about that expedition of hers, it was so

unimportant, so trivial, that he could not be jealous; he could not mind. Adrian's jealousy! There was something delightful, even in that terrible possibility. But he would not be jealous, everything was warm, and glad, and full of sunshine when Adrian was there.

She resented Mr. Pryor's professional allusions to the uncertainty of life. There are moments so perfect that they ought not to be degraded by thoughts of disease and death, ought not to be measured or weighed in any way whatever. Barbara felt this, and she thrust aside the clergyman's lecture as soon as he left the room. Let him talk of such things to Uncle Hayes. As for her, she lingered at the window, thinking of her newly found happiness, while she gazed at the hoary fields, with their black boundaries of railing or leafless hedge, till a faint pink flush crept over the pale sky, as if it were softly suffused with her overflowing joy. Mitchelhurst Place, of which Harding had dreamed so tenderly a few months earlier, as a home for himself and his love, was to the eager girl at that moment only a charnel house, full of death and clinging memories, from which she panted to escape. It was true that she had first met Adrian Scarlett there, but she had the whole world in which to meet him again. "And he will always know where to find me," she said to herself with a touch of practical common sense in the midst of her rapture. "He can look out papa's name in the Clergy List any day."

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE DAWN OF THE NEW ITALY.

DURING the period which succeeded the Napoleonic wars, while Europe may be said to have taken a species of siesta, which lasted up to the time of the second and more extensive revolution, and modified her internal and external conditions in the latter half of this century, Italy was excluded from the political agitations of Europe. The Italians, who were regarded as having no political existence — or indeed, as one of the modern poets declared, as absolutely dead — became the subject of stories and romances. They were described in accordance with the different sentiments with which they were regarded by different nations; on the other side of the Channel the novelist represented them as wearing their hair in what is called in Italy the Calabrian fash-

ion, because it is adopted by the peasants of that country, as well as by the inhabitants of the mountainous district which separates the ancient kingdom of Naples from what was formerly the Papal States. They were also described as bearded men of a fierce countenance, armed with a dagger. In this attitude the Italian frequently appears in fiction and in contemporary comedies, and generally takes the villainous parts which are necessary for the dramatic effect. On this side of the Channel, kindly, if too flattering, sentiments have exchanged the dagger for a guitar, on which the Italian twangs his accompaniment to all the songs of peasants and gondoliers which may be heard in the misty north, as a distant echo from the Gulf of Naples or from the lagoons of Venice.

Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, Galileo, Torricelli, Volta, Galvani, Spallanzani, and Alfieri, Monti, and Canova, with many others, who have done honor to their time, although some of them are only recently dead, could do nothing to refute the prevailing conception of the country — not even thousands of Italian soldiers sacrificed on all the battle-fields of Europe during the Napoleonic wars. But they are forgotten in the great apotheosis which honors all the victories of that gigantic struggle, and they fail to efface the image of the Calabrian brigand or wandering musician. Even the men of immortal genius, who have filled the world with the grandest productions of musical art, Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and other composers of sacred music, have not effaced this latter type, which remains one of the two predominant in contemporary fiction.

There is, however, a shade of truth in the unjust and severe estimate of the Italian character, which was prevalent in Europe during the interval of repose of which we have spoken.

During this period the Italian nation was reduced by a strange concurrence of circumstances to a condition of political and civil impotence, and was divided into two great classes — the discontented and the apathetic. The former were at war with society, while the latter found their only scope for active life in their devotion to the arts. On the one side were grouped the fierce and vehement passions of revolutionists, from the political conspirator to the bravo; on the other, artists in all their forms and degrees, from Rossini and Canova to the model and the street singer.

But a few men, whose memory is still cherished by Italy, remembered that behind these classes there was still a people. In poverty and obscurity, traces of great and noble virtues might still be found, practised for the most part in the shade of private and civic life: unnoticed by the world, and often unrecognized in their native place, since they were not conspicuous for fame, nor even for prosperity.

These marked inequalities and differences between individuals of the same nation, as well as the still more emphatic distinctions in the political and social conditions of different parts of the country and even between one city and another, were due to the constitution and history of the nation. As far back as memory reached, Italy had been a congeries of several distinct nationalities. All the immigrations into Italy from almost prehistoric time have left some trace behind them. In that somewhat lengthened period when science and civilization had not taught men how to fight with the asperities of nature, and in those still worse times when the laws and customs were barbarous, the tide set with irresistible force towards Italy in order to escape from the difficulties and barbarism of Oriental life, or from the inclemency and poverty of northern countries; and this influx continued up to the epoch which marked the greatness of Rome. All the people who claimed to be aboriginal, or settlers of more or less ancient date, however distinct from each other, then received political equality by the *jure Italico* under the Roman Empire, Magna Græcia as well as Cisalpine Gaul. But when this centralizing power was destroyed, not only did the distinctions reappear, but the irresistible impulse was again excited, and the immigration of people towards the sun, and towards the relatively mild customs and civilization which had survived the Roman greatness, was renewed. On the one side, northern and central Italy was invaded by all the tribes which bore the generic names of Vandals, Goths, Huns, and Longobardi; on the other, the Greeks and Saracens continued to flock into the southern part of the peninsula.

If all these immigrations left such indelible traces in various districts of Italy that we not only find names to remind us of them, but even types and customs of some of the more important tribes, none of them were able to dominate over the others with such strongly marked and enduring characteristics as to merge the

several types into one, not only in its ethnographical characteristics, but also in its political and social civilization. This might have been the case if the political conditions of Italy had been otherwise, although the process must necessarily have taken time. And here we must consider the political history of Italy at this period.

The conflict between the Papacy and the Empire, that led to the institution of numerous political societies, which took the form of communes or independent States, arrested this natural process of fusion among peoples who inhabited the same country and looked upon the same heavens, and for this reason those who were of different origin remained distinct. It would be a curious study to compare the characteristics of the early Italian States, which now hardly retain their nominal division into districts, with the history of different immigrations; and certainly the analogy might be traced in more than one instance. But these distinctions not only survived in provinces, but in different estates of the same province, partly owing to the conformation of the Italian soil, but still more owing to the slight power of assimilation, to the indifference and jealousy of the owners of the soil, to the difficulty of communication, and to obstacles of every kind which resulted from it, and which kept the inhabitants of adjacent districts separate for centuries. Such isolation was most common in the mountainous parts of the southern provinces, where both the natural and political differences were the greatest. The country people, the Greeks and Saracens in these districts, could be distinguished at a glance from the Longobardi. These distinctions between the inhabitants of different districts, and even between different individuals, to an extent not observed elsewhere, may be noted in their habits, dress, and modes of feeling.

In northern and even in central Italy this diversity of characteristics is less evident; yet even there the differences between one district and another can be explained in no other way. There is often a profound difference of character, mode of thought, and judgment between the inhabitants of opposite banks of a narrow stream, between the restlessly energetic peasants of Romagna and the pastoral and gentle peasants of La Marca, and again between the inhabitants on either side of that range of the Apennines which divides Romagna from Tuscany. The Tuscan peasant is mild and gentle, but he alto-

gether differs in character from those of La Marca. There is the same marked distinction between the Tuscan and the Piedmontese, between the Venetians, Tuscans, and Lombards. A mountain or stream suffices to formulate these distinctions of habit and character.

We have said that these differences between villages, and even between individuals, are most apparent in the mountainous districts of the southern provinces; but even in large cities types may be observed so opposed to each other that it is impossible to confound them. In appearance, traditions, and character, a descendant of the Normans still differs from the original and more ancient races, and again both differ from the Numidian and Saracen, the remains of which races survive in the lowest classes of society. The sober and robust inhabitants of the Abruzzi are found in remote villages, and in the pleasant hamlets of the Campagna Felice, side by side with its incorrigible mendicants. If we turn northwards through central Italy, we shall find scarcely a district in which the same extremes are not found. Side by side with honest, hard-working men of noble character, the valuable elements of an orderly public life, we find lawless agitators and members of secret societies, idle vagabonds, wandering musicians and beggars, who furnish a large contingent to the prisons of the State.

Doubtless these social gradations and distinctions exist in almost every state, but in other countries they stand out in less strong relief, and perhaps the two extremes are in Italy in closer contact with each other than in any other nation.

The constant immigration of different races into Italy did not cease with its invasions; it assumed other and less important forms, and certainly could not have exercised a sensible influence on the national type. Yet the Christian pilgrimages, the travellers who came for artistic or hygienic causes, the eclectic wanderings of the wealthy classes in successive periods, have continued to introduce into its intellectual and moral atmosphere different elements out of harmony with the national standard of thought and feeling.

This fact, constant and unique of its kind, is due to the geographical conditions of Italy, placed as she is between two great civilizations, and acting as the medium of communication between them. This may explain the characteristic difference between the Italian and the other European nations; the latter have each

their uniform character, with hardly a trace of the ancient immigrations which conduced to their formation, while the former is distinguished by a diversity of types, and by the predominance of the individual over the community, which breaks the uniformity we have observed in neighboring nations. That historical political influences are the great cause of this phenomena is shown by the example of the United States of America. Although this people is made up of mixed races and is of recent origin, yet it is welded together by conditions which imply a community of customs and needs; and by the fact that its constitution was formed in one casting, the solidarity of the national character has been produced. Nations have long been distinguished as English, German, French, and American, but it is only recently that an Italian can be spoken of in the same way, and even now in the general estimation there is a distinction between one Italian and another, and his origin and personal characteristics are more considered than in the case of other nationalities in which the community of type is of earlier date. This feeling unconsciously testifies to the marked diversity of type which exists in the nation itself.

And yet it would be an error to suppose that the Italian nationality is in its present condition less firmly and solidly constituted than any other nationality. We do not propose to examine the psychological reasons of phenomena which might lead to the conclusion that the homogeneity of nature is not the strongest and most tenacious of political bonds. But it is a fact which Europe will have to accept as time goes on, that as in analogous circumstances it often occurs that widely differing characters agree better than those which resemble each other, so in Italy, now that their interests are no longer opposed, this diversity between different provinces and between one man and another not only presents no serious obstacle to political unity, but may in some respects be a guarantee for it. In fact, the uniform and simultaneous political agitation which is, owing to the modern constitution of society, only too easy in other nations, becomes almost impossible in Italy, in which local prejudices correct the tendency to take an exaggerated view of political events. The prevalence of a republican or socialist agitation in southern Italy does not imply a similar agitation in the north; nor will the reactionary spirit in the eastern part of the peninsula be neces-

sarily communicated to the west. And above, or rather below these primary differences, there gradually extends a wide-spreading net of common sentiments and interests, which are fostered by the recollection of past misfortunes, and by the consciousness of benefits derived from the State which unites them in a common bond of strong affection. Of this the people themselves are perhaps unconscious, but it is displayed in some critical moment, and undecives a careful observer, who may have been misled by the petty rivalries of different districts and parishes which ruffle the surface of a lake that is in reality deep and calm.

If, however, these differences in their component elements do not menace the existence of the State, they are not, and cannot for some time to come, be without results. They are now, as they have ever been in Italy, causes at once of weakness and of strength, of her highest glory and of her greatest disasters. They are the favorite theme both of her friends and enemies; they are the source of her originality, of the inexhaustible curiosity which is aroused by all her actions, and of that indefinable attraction she possessed for our fathers, whose admiration was given to the unrivalled monuments of the genius and intellect of her children, surrounded though they were by a chronic state of brigandage, and by a troop of beggars, and who, notwithstanding, did not remain inactive, but invested this country with an atmosphere of poetry which added to its glory. This generation can scarcely understand the generous and heroic sacrifices of those, many of them obscure men, who met death, exile, or imprisonment, and, forgetful of self, ended in poverty an existence which had been full of suffering and danger because they were actuated by the sole aim of saving their country. In doing so they had to deal with the miseries which were the inheritance of the past times, and which the breath of revolution kindled into life, and to prevent them from being an embarrassment to the difficult task of the resurrection of Italy. Nor was it the least noble or politic act of our revolution, that in reconstituting the country all its elements were included under one flag.

What I have said up to this point belongs for the most part to past history, with which it is necessary to be acquainted in order to understand any sketch of the present. For the origin and causes of our political, moral, and social conditions, and of the place which Italy takes

among European nations, are intimately connected with the past. A view of Italian life, like everything else, must be complex, since the present is always the consequence of the past, just as the future must be the issue of the past and present.

The scattered members of the Italian nation have been finally united by means of a great, though tardy revolution; for ages they had been artificially kept asunder by the most complicated and subtle combinations of an astute and tenacious policy, and when the political union was accomplished, the several States had but few points in common. The first and chief common interest was that of possessing a united country; the next was the fundamental character or temperament, the habits, requirements, and deep aspirations which depend on the natural conditions of climate and soil, and on a certain community of traditions and history. There was also the bond of a common religion, and finally of a common philosophy. On this basis the work of fusion was begun which was to weld together the moral, social, and economic conditions of the Italian people.

On the first point it is needless to insist, but something must be said of the second. The Italian character or temperament, although it seems to vary when we compare the inhabitants of one district with another, assumes a common type when it is considered as a whole, and with reference to other nations. It has certain qualities which are due to the causes indicated above, and chief among them is the tendency to be actuated by sentiments and passion, rather than by motives of self-interest. This tendency is marked in proportion to the elevation of character and education possessed by classes and individuals; they achieve distinction in proportion as they yield to an inclination to which they are led, both by their own feelings and by the inexorable pressure of public opinion. As soon as they appear in some public function, they are constrained not only to be disinterested, but even to display an heroic spirit of self-sacrifice. All personal interests, even those which are legitimate, are set aside with a sort of contempt. From the saints of old, who were always poor and humble, down to Garibaldi, a popular hero in Italy has ever been condemned to indigence, and to a simplicity of dress which verges on slovenliness. Holy men who did not lead a hard life were never popular in Italy, and the only time that Gari-

baldi's great popularity was seriously menaced was when the government sought to mark its gratitude to the man who had done more for his country than any other of her children by relieving him from the straits of actual poverty. This proof of gratitude, which would have been natural in any other people, armed his enemies against him, and for a while obscured his popularity. No political leader in Italy can obtain the confidence and sympathy of the nation unless he is a poor man, or at all events has inherited wealth from his ancestors instead of obtaining it by his own efforts. And even in such a case, the least ostentation in his mode of life would be fatal to his popularity. He who seriously proposes to devote himself to public life with any chance of success must, in the words of the Gospel, sell all that he has, or at any rate withdraw his wealth from the observation of that jealous and tyrannical mistress, local public opinion. I remember when one of our most able and distinguished ministers thought it necessary to sell out the few shares which formed part of his very modest fortune before he felt entitled to propose a measure which might indirectly affect the company in question. And, on the other hand, I have seen men who had well served their country abandoned by their capricious mistress as soon as it appeared that they were in the enjoyment of moderate wealth. For this reason most of our political men end their lives in embarrassed circumstances, if not in actual poverty, not only because their legitimate gains are so small, but because even these are forbidden to men who desire to pursue a political career without hindrance. They become the eminent victims so jealously watched by severe national censors. An opprobrious term has been invented in modern Italy which fastens suspicion on all those who have to do with commercial affairs. He is called an *affarista*, and although the word can only be properly applied in a bad sense to discreditable business, yet it is practically impossible to establish the distinction. It would probably be applied to all Englishmen who have to do with commerce, and to all Americans if they were transplanted to Italy.

This singular and invincible sentiment, of which the origin may perhaps be traced to past history, is particularly strong in the two extremes of society. On the one side it has created those ministers of state of whom we have spoken, who, after having served their country throughout

their lives, must finally demand the expenses of a state funeral from her tardy gratitude, in order to go down with decency to the tomb; laborious officials who handle affairs of immense importance with scrupulous integrity while they and their families lead parsimonious lives, and professionals who conscientiously pursue their calling for the benefit of others, without considering what recompense they may receive. On the other hand, this feeling produces parasites of various classes, insupportable beggars who frequent the churches and highways without regarding their profession as dishonorable, and who are indeed treated with kindness and familiarity by the public, which is influenced by a Christian tradition. But the bad effect of what is essentially a noble sentiment may also be traced in the bulk of the people, included between these two extremes; in this case its effect is negative and somewhat hurtful to the economic development of the nation. In the first place it throws a certain discredit on commercial life, which is the most essential element of modern life. Moreover, it condemns all those to poverty who take any part in public life, whether it be that of ministers of state or of the humblest government officials, who find it hard to exist at all. The pay and salaries of Italian officials are on a scale involving the necessity of heroic moderation, and it is a state of things which may be called phenomenal. A man who may not perhaps have saved his country, but who has done much to increase its greatness and prosperity, is usually obliged to content himself with a chamber on the second floor, and to dine for five francs at some small restaurant, to the end of his life. It is easy to perceive the depressing effect of such a mode of life on his general condition, as well as on the prosperity of the country.

Another predominant feeling tends to make the productions of the Italian intellect less practical, and to give a dramatic, if not tragic cast to their characters. Mental satisfaction is more important in their eyes than material success. This characteristic phenomenon of the popular temperament exercises a great influence on the form which party spirit assumes in Italy; the object they have proposed to attain becomes secondary as soon as its pursuit is begun, and gives place to their personal satisfaction. Men become absorbed by details or by the contemplation of their own heroism, and their professed object is often the last thing they think of.

Parties, sects, and associations have flourished in Italy owing to the necessity of combining the weak against the strong in times when a system of oppression was ably organized, and favored by a general indifference. But these societies and mysterious brotherhoods gratified, too, the sentimental and dramatic tendencies of the people, and for the reasons indicated above have often missed their mark, and have consumed great part of the national energy with altogether insignificant results. The associations have survived the causes which gave rise to them, and in the unfettered liberty now enjoyed by Italy there is certainly no longer any reason for prolonging their existence, which is no longer in conformity with the spirit of the times. They are now merely unproductive, but they foster a love of mystery in young men, and simulate the dramatic effects of conspiracy, a quality which tends to their survival.

Like many other customs which are only the survival of a past state of things, this phase is gradually disappearing, in spite of its apparent recrudescence, and its end is foreshadowed by the very fact of the wide diffusion of such societies. While the members of these associations are politically insignificant in other countries, they retain in Italy the mysterious and obsolete usages of fanatics. I am justified in calling them obsolete, since the terrible associations which have recently been formed to spread destruction and death have, to the honor of our country, taken no root here. Our country has reason to be satisfied that, in spite of the existence of so many parties and secret societies, the most intricate political questions have been solved almost without effusion of blood.

When we descend from the lofty regions of public and political life to the humbler details of ordinary life, we are again aware of the predominance of sentiment over reality. It appears chiefly in a certain disproportion between the end and its means which may often be observed, not only in practical life, but in the opinions by which it is actuated. Any one who attains his object by means disproportionate to their effect is more interesting than one who only employs adequate means, since in the latter case the effect is diminished by the apparent ease with which success is achieved. Thus the volunteer is more admired than the soldier, and the sailor who carries oranges from Palermo to New Orleans in a sailing vessel arouses more interest than the seamen of our navy

or the passengers on board a steam-vessel. Any enterprise, even a civic festival, gives greater pleasure to the multitude, and excites more enthusiasm, if it is a sudden thought and hastily prepared, than if it has been carefully planned beforehand. It must be admitted that the Italians have a gift for producing remarkable results in a short time and with slight preparation, yet it is easy to estimate the difficulties and delays which accrue in public life, and still more in industrial and commercial affairs, from this habit of mind.

The same tendency has conduced to fill the convents in past times, and it has filled and continues to fill the prisons. Its influence is still predominant, especially in private life. Love, jealousy, and vengeance continue to affect certain classes of society to a degree disproportionate to their actual importance. Tales of love have an invincible attraction for our lower classes, and there is a whole literature of tales of vengeance. Jealousy takes the same important place, and it has become the subject of legislation. A man who does not know how to avenge an affront, to obtain justice for himself, and demand life for life, is unmanly in the popular estimation, especially in southern and central Italy. A woman would refuse to smile upon a man who allowed himself to be insulted with impunity. This mode of feeling, which manifests itself in the higher classes in the frequency of duels, is in the lower orders the principal cause of crimes of violence. It is confirmed by the national quickness of temperament, and by the little respect for law which dates from earlier times, when legal justice was full of abuses. For this reason a naturally humane and gentle people takes an unfavorable place in the statistics of crime, in which violent offences occupy an exceptional place.

As, however, the Italians have not adopted destructive societies, so also they could not possibly be guilty of the *dragonnades*, nor of the excesses of the Convention and of the Commune. And we constantly encounter instances of kindness and humanity, especially in the lower classes, which call for our admiration. From their special qualities the people may be said to be capable of all good as well as of all evil. And among their prevailing sentiments, in addition to those we have already indicated, the highest place is taken by what is termed humanity.

The lower classes are not only peculiarly sensible of the bonds of kindred, but they display in their family relations,

and even in those with strangers, a devotion and love which puts those classes to shame who might do likewise at small personal inconvenience. The reserved and defensive spirit which characterizes the modern civilization of many countries is unknown in Italian life. The joys and sorrows of life are readily shared with relations, friends, and neighbors. He who has more than one loaf is ready to give to the neighbor who is destitute, knowing that he shall be relieved in a like necessity. Insensibility to the sufferings of others, a want of compassion or heartlessness, as it is called, is an unpardonable sin in Italy, while much is forgiven to the compassionate. There is no country where the plea for forgiveness to the Magdalen is more readily accepted.

This same people, if their honor or that of their wives is concerned, or even if their passions are aroused by argument or contradiction, will stain some friendly dwelling with blood, without incurring the censure of the multitude. It is this morbid condition of public opinion which produces the evil; nor can it be cured by legislation, but it must be traced back to its source. On the day when the striker is regarded as an ordinary criminal, the number of crimes committed in Italy will be materially diminished, since deliberate offences, committed from motives of self-interest, are comparatively few. The first effect of an act of violence is commonly to ruin the position and future of the delinquent, who has preferred the satisfaction of his dominant passion to any other consideration.

What we have said of the lower classes, and on matters which specially concern them, applies in a measure to all classes and all contingencies of life. Well-ordered lives have not unfrequently been compromised by their uncontrollable passion for some worthless thing. An exact acquaintance with this side of the national character is indispensable in dealing both with public and private men. A word may be enough to obtain what could not be procured with a million of francs, nor would a million compensate for the harm which that word may do. We are reminded of Macchiavelli's description of the people, which has passed into a proverb. And yet those who truly know the Italian people know that they are not so calculating as is supposed. It is when we contemplate only one side of their character that we can accept Macchiavelli's estimate of them.

There is another characteristic, more or

less common to the people, which, like the former, is productive both of good and evil; I mean their mental productiveness and versatility. Probably no other nation is endowed with such keen perception and lively imagination, and, when their passions are not aroused, their just judgment, or what is commonly called good sense, is remarkable. Although we are accustomed to it, we are constantly struck afresh by the precocity of children's intelligence, and by the sagacity of observation in the uneducated. In no other country can a moderately intelligent man make himself master of a subject of which he has no previous knowledge in so short a time. This facility is full of resources in critical moments, but on the other hand it renders its possessor less aware of the necessity of exerting that constant and orderly application which can alone achieve the complete mastery of a subject, both in theory and practice. So it is that the dilettante is much better received in Italy than the *affarista*. This hasty and superficial view is commonly applied to politics and government, by which both, and especially the last, frequently suffer.

The facile and versatile mind, when applied to sentiment or the dominant passion, displays ready wit. Macchiavelli in his "*Principe*" declared this to be the art which he who wished to reign must cultivate. Every Italian can easily mark out a course for himself, in order to attain the objects so eagerly desired. But in proportion as the objects which men set before them are enlarged, the feelings and passions of the individual lose their force and efficacy; and the art of satisfying our personal desire then loses its importance. And since the phase which rendered the Italian quick-witted and self-interested tends to disappear, he now shows himself to be rather a man of feeling and passion than one swayed by his interests.

We touched upon the faith and philosophy which the people have in common. Neither the Reformation nor the philosophy which resulted from it ever took root in Italy. The heritage handed down to the Latin peoples and carefully guarded by them is the ideal philosophy of Socrates and Plato, with its development in the highest ideal; the one religion which contemplates and includes all created things in a perfect order, which embraces the past, present, and future. Doubtless in times of political decadence and of the degradation of general culture, these grand objects lost some of their lustre, and only

survived in mute, instinctive habits, which afforded proofs of their former influence, rather than of their present vitality. Hence the Italians were accused of indifference to speculative philosophy, and of being more given to superstition than to religion. But tradition was still implanted in the depths of the national conscience, and the later meaning of these customs was again revealed to the hearts of men of culture, of priests, and statesmen, who were more or less consciously influenced by the general attraction towards that form of civilization which is based on the conception of the one God, distinct from nature, and the effective providence of the world; of man consisting of spirit and matter, whose will is free, and the master of his body; of man's immediate responsibility towards God; of compensation in another life for the injustice and inequalities which are manifest here; and finally, of the superiority of words to things, of art over nature, in short, of the ideal over reality.

At the time of the French Revolution, many of the new ideas became current in Italy; some of them proposed to separate philosophy from religion, others to introduce new philosophies, and others again, although these were only a small minority, to bring in the forms of a new religion. But the national type was so predominant that although these theories were successively adopted, especially by the urban populations, yet they had only a negative effect, and a firm basis of faith was never expelled from the national conscience. Hence came the moral and political inconsistency of all the dissidents, who never succeeded in classifying themselves in a reasonable or rational form, so that they remained isolated individuals, however numerous they might be. Thus they formed a party of negation, presenting only destructive elements, with nothing to build up in place of what they destroyed. As a natural consequence of this isolation, the religious opponent soon became an irreligious atheist, the naturalist became a materialist, and both parties were drawn into scepticism. All the infinite gradations of thought which have been formulated since the Reformation, developed by the long exercise of free thought among the Teutonic races, which have their source in the want of idealism in their earliest traditions, have not been accepted in Italy. Our devotion to the ideal and the absolute produced the "*Divina Commedia*" and other masterpieces of literature and of the arts, Catholic morality and

Roman jurisprudence, while it left us defenceless in the difficulties of every-day life, often rendered us unequal to the complicated transactions of our modern existence, and has not permitted us to attain to that condition of prosperity which is the most decisive result of modern civilization.

One manifestation of this phase of Italian thought is undoubtedly to be found in our conceptions of the State. Italy was not indeed the first to formulate the idea, since she adopted it *en bloc* from the revolutionary ideas of France. The Revolution which overthrew political order and profoundly agitated all social conditions was always under the influence of ideal philosophy, and the devotion of the French people to the ideal and the absolute is unchanged, although under their present conditions its only effect is to maintain them in a permanent state of restlessness and unsatisfied aspirations. To the Revolution the State, as it exists in modern nations, both in its nature and in popular opinion, is due. Among Græco-Latin nations there is always a tendency to exalt the State into an abstract idea, and this not merely in its form and basis, but even in its application to the representatives of the State. The French, and also the Italian legitimist, although the latter is less embittered, are only to be found in these races, and the same may be said of the republican. Devotion to a political idea tends to diminish its practical usefulness. The effect of this conception of the government becomes still more apparent in its ordinary and constant action. This abstraction of the State which takes its concrete form in the government, whether it be the product of historical development or of an isolated fact, becomes an idea which advances towards certain ideal ends irrespective of the conditions of real life, and often even in opposition to them. Time was when its highest ideal was to maintain the principles of authority, thus converting the means into an end. Now the vindication of the rights of man takes the first place: equality, labor, instruction, and the indefinite progress of man, thus converting ends into means.

All these theories of philosophical science, which ought to be combined into an objective ideal so far as the complex relations of social life permit, become in Italy party questions, which it is sought to carry into immediate application, without considering the possible hindrances in the way; more harm than good is often done, and the highest conceptions are vitiated

by mischievous and ill-advised application. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that whenever it is sought to realize an ideal the inexorable logic of nature produces a reaction, and a conflict ensues in which the attempt to attain to the absolutely good generally ends in failure. The history of France for the last hundred years is a proof of this, and it would be the same in Italy if she did not possess certain qualities which neutralize the efforts of her school of *doctrinaires*.

We have already borne testimony to the good sense of our countrymen, a quality which is due to their quickness of mind, and which is habitually present except when their violent passions are excited. This quality has always acted as a safety-valve, to correct in practice the excessive pressure of theory. This compensation has often preserved and will, as we hope, still preserve Italy from the ultimate and sometimes formidable consequences of the application of her ideals. It has not done so, however, without reacting on the national character; she has been constrained to make innumerable accommodations and transitions in order to conciliate that which she presumed to be her duty with what she has actually accomplished, the written law with the exigencies of common life, and theory with practice. This habit of liberal interpretation, resulting from the application of an ideal system to the various institutions of actual life, has saved Italy in many dangerous crises, and has also been the cause of not a few disorders, and of a still larger number of accusations, directed against the institutions themselves, and against the morality of the whole nation.

In spite of this the system is still pursued, both with respect to public and private life. We will cite some instances in the former case which plainly show its influence. First, the State was formerly one with the dominant religious principle, and the application of this conception was absolute; the State is now declared with equal decision to be altogether apart from religion. In the present state of the opinion and conscience of the people the old foundation is abandoned, and we are taught to rely on that negative power which is able to destroy the past, but is less adapted to constitute a new order of morality and politics. Thus, while the State has alienated on one side most of the conservative elements of the country, on the other she is at a loss to find in the opposite party formulas which will secure

a stable order of things. Many of the difficulties of our present government are due to this cause. The same logical and absolute criterion is applied to our economic system, which, partly on account of the urgent necessities of a state of revolution, partly to do honor to our theories, has been wholly ordered with reference to a State which has inherited the functions of a universal providence. The means of communication, the management of towns, education, and public health, manufactures, commerce, and even amusements are all protected and governed more or less directly by the public departments, and ultimately by the State. I need hardly point out the diminution of personal and independent action which issues from this system in all the different branches of life, and the way in which they restrict the national expansion. It is more important to note that this official distribution of a certain portion of good things to every one is more costly than profitable. Property, manufactures, and commerce are paralyzed beneath the burden of social conditions which are both costly and bureaucratic, and the development of national prosperity is checked instead of dispensing its benefits to the nation in a more effectual way than can be accomplished by the costly and complicated action of the State.

Another effect of applying an ideal system to the functions of the State appears in the administration of justice. All the theoretical and abstract discussions on crime and punishment which have occupied, and still properly occupy the field of science have in Italy entered into the field of politics, and have assumed the positive and vehement form dictated by party spirit. Thus, favored by a reaction from the opposite extreme, humanitarian theories have been adopted and hastily pressed to their ultimate consequences. The true nature of things does not enter into the thoughts of these ideologists and *doctrinaires*. All that is natural, necessary, and consequently legitimate in legal punishment, which in a state of civilization takes the place of private vengeance in order to protect social life, is set aside and neglected by the humanitarians and phrenologists, who constitute themselves the apologists of the human species. Some pursue their idea of a possible humanity which shall be full of affection and of mutual forgiveness; others carry on their physiological and psychological experiments in the analysis of crimes which they hold to have been committed in con-

sequence of an irresistible impulse; and the last thought which occurs to either of these classes is the safety of the public, the protection of the lives and rights of citizens, which things are the justification, cause, and end of all government.

Neither do these men care whether the habits of the people justify these humanitarian experiments. They do not study the statistics of crime any more than they observe the laws of nature. They try the experiment of applying their ideal to the nation as if they were at work in a scientific laboratory, and then pass on.

It is for these reasons that the principal needs of our newly constituted nation have hitherto remained unsatisfied. After all the sufferings and bitter trials she has passed through in order to attain to a normal state of things, she longs for moral order, prosperity, and justice. Her legislators are full of good will and good faith, and yet all the moral questions which were at issue throughout her revolution are still under discussion, nor has anything efficacious been substituted for them. The country is more heavily burdened than it has ever been, and the Draconian punishments of our former governments have been replaced by a systematic indulgence which in some cases verges on impunity, although both extremes are equally pernicious to public morality.

Many other instances might be adduced if these did not suffice to represent the mode of thought which characterizes the dawn of our new Italy. These considerations concern our present state, and the way in which the country has been influenced by several factors, and especially by the impulse of reaction from the past which marked the first moments of her reconstruction.

Just because this state of things is the result of the transition from old to new Italy, there is a constant tendency towards some fresh modification. It may be seen from what has been said that the condition of Italy is due to an infinite concourse of circumstances, depending on her special history and on the general politics of Europe; these cause her to be a century behind the political and economic movement which has produced the modern form of civilization. Now that she is placed on a level with other nations many of these characteristic phenomena tend slowly to disappear. A future is beginning of which we see the dawn, and the present is a period of transition.

The distinctions between different prov-

inces, still more between different individuals, are constantly becoming less marked. The fact is presaged by the disappearance of all local costumes within the last few years, a fact scarcely observed except by artists, to whom it is an irreparable evil, but not without significance. Dialects as well as costumes are disappearing. A certain number of words are common to the speech of all the provinces, and it is only a few members of the lowest classes in country districts who cannot use this common language. Brigandage may be said to have become extinct, and throughout the peninsula mendicity is gradually diminishing. The prejudices, rivalries, and antagonism between one territory and another and between different families have disappeared in many cases, and in others are much less acrid, and at the same time differences of opinion, dress, and custom tend to lose their importance. This movement began from the outside, and the fundamental characteristics are the last to submit to modification, and will probably never become completely uniform; the Lombard will always differ from the Calabrian, just as the Norman differs from the Provençal, but in a few years such difference will be no more marked in Italy than in France and England. The tendency of our time is essentially levelling; there will always be good and bad, diligent and slothful men, and from the peculiar conformation of the peninsula there must always be northern and southern races, but Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, and Tuscany are terms which must sooner or later have only an historical significance, without political or, in any appreciable degree, ethnographical value.

In the levelling which takes place under the influence of modern forms of civilization, many angles and salient points of the national character must be effaced. We have already observed that the impulse of sentiment and passion is necessarily weakened by the daily growing sense of its inability to contend, under the conditions of modern civilization, with the deductions of reason and interest. And in fact a man who is devoted to the passion of love or revenge no longer inspires the same interest which he formerly aroused, nor is the fanatic or the sectarian regarded with the same favor. So again, the man who employs adequate means to attain a great end, even if these do not speak to the imagination, begins to attract public attention. A great manufacturer, a simple producer, and an intel-

ligent constructor, cannot indeed yet rival an orator, an adventurer, or a tribune of the people; but they begin to acquire the influence which is due to them. They do not yet form classes: the chief men among them remain isolated, but they are no longer regarded with the ill-will, or at any rate with the indifference, which is the portion of men of business as a whole; they rather begin to be the objects of national gratitude and respect.

Under the influence of this growing sentiment various industrial and commercial enterprises have arisen in Italy, and collective operations are to some extent substituted for private undertakings. The first field to which they have been applied is agriculture, which is the chief foundation of the wealth of the country; the cultivation of the vine, the making of wine, the rearing of silkworms, and the manufacture of silk, have attracted special attention, and up to a certain point these industries have been improved, although all the first experiments have not been crowned with success. Next, attention has been given to the improvement of stock, to dairy produce, and the cultivation of the olive, although foreign competition, and the extraction of oil from other substances, have hindered success in the two latter branches of industry. These are the first fruits of associated work in a country adapted to grow all the productions of the temperate zone; and although their extent is limited by circumstances of which we shall speak presently, it is worth while to mention this exchange of patriarchal agriculture for modern industry.

The same may be said of manufactures. Cloth and cotton goods have formed the principal objects of internal industry, and have found it hard to compete with foreign and less costly merchandise. Immediately after these come the artistic industries which flourish under favor of the national tradition. It is singular that all these industries, works in bronze, glass, carved wood, and artificial flowers, which may almost be included in the field of art, begin to languish and die as soon as they lose the vivifying touch of genius, and leave the hand of man to become commercial and mechanical. Italy sells her artistic Venetian crystals, and buys glass tumblers for the table; she exports her Ginori's porcelain, and the artistic majolica which may still be found in her principal cities, to buy dinner services made abroad; she sends away the inlaid furniture of Siena and Florence in order

to bring back the upholstery of Paris and Brussels.

The Italian artisan is easily disgusted with mechanical labor, and is less adapted to succeed in it, while he often displays real superiority in all works which require invention, so that he can put into them something of his own. This is, however, a minor difficulty, which education and custom would do much to overcome. The greater obstacle to the development of industrial manufactures consists in the scarcity of raw materials and in the want of fuel. It is true that there is a certain compensation for these defects in the possibility of producing motive power without fuel, and in the still relatively low price of labor. Her abundant water power, aided by the recent discoveries of modern science, promises well for the future of Italy. Other motive powers have already been tried, but only in isolated cases, so that they cannot yet be included among the factors of our civilization.

Our commerce has led to the establishment of navigation companies, some of which are sufficiently prosperous; and here also we find the same difficulties which arise in agriculture, namely, how to exchange old vessels and the Italian sailors and their sailing craft for the ships and seamen required in all the great enterprises of modern navigation.

The sense of the insufficiency of divided strength, of the new requirements of modern life, and of the necessity of co-operative labor in order to carry on the struggle for existence, continues to make its way in Italy, as we see in many instances. We need only cite the exhibitions at Milan and Turin as a proof of industrial activity. A few years ago it would have been impossible to hold such exhibitions, and their success indicates real progress.

All these branches of industrial and commercial activity have to contend against the same obstacles, most of which have their origin in the general conditions we have described. These may be placed in two categories: the first relating to the insufficiency of means to insure success, the second to obstacles connected with the State.

Undertakings of whatever kind are rarely begun with capital enough to permit them to pass through the first stormy period of a rising industry without shipwreck. The want of capital in Italy is partly owing to the backward condition of her commerce, relatively to other nations, partly to the expenditure of money and energy demanded by the great work of

reconstituting the nation. The inadequate means employed is also due to the old habit to which we have alluded, of setting out on a long journey lightly burdened, thus applying the usages of nomad horsemen to business matters. Italy does not yet understand how to constitute great companies, since she has not acquired the habits of confidence and promptitude which are necessary in the conduct of important affairs. Another defect which seems at first sight slight and superficial has its importance, the want of self-assertion. This country, which has been credited with the capacity of profiting by the industry of others, has in reality in not a few cases allowed foreigners to reap the benefits of many of her productions.

In the second category of obstacles we must place the attitude of the State. Absorbed in an infinite number of general questions which concern the realization of its ideals, the government cares little for the practical demands of the economic prosperity of the people. It may be said without fear of exaggeration that the fiscal system of the kingdom of Italy, both in its essence and in its mode of application, makes it impossible for any great industrial undertaking to succeed.

The wisdom gained by experience is not as yet very apparent in the country. The abolition of the grist tax might be cited as a proof of wisdom, if the circumstance under which the measure was carried did not point to its having been done for the sake of popularity rather than as an act of mature consideration. And in fact the burden removed from this branch of industry has been laid upon others, which have suffered severely in consequence. It was, however, a step forwards and a tribute to public opinion, which begins to awake and direct its attention to this important subject.

All the official inquiries into the various branches of public wealth, although generally conducted by members of the government, agree that the taxation is excessive. These words are naturally echoed by the multitude, and we may suppose that their united voices will soon reach the ears of Parliament. It is difficult to solve the problem presented to us. We have to pay for a revolution, a payment repudiated by some other nations, but we shall discharge the debt at whatever cost. The crisis draws to an end, however, and, aided by a more modest estimate of the functions of the State which must necessarily gain ground, the acute period of taxation will pass away,

and the return to a more normal state of things is at hand.

We must now glance at the moral and intellectual evolution through which Italy is passing. In what concerns the difficult question of religion, which has concentrated the heat of controversy among Latin races, it is worth while to note a fact which has escaped superficial observers. With a large number of citizens of all classes the practice of religion has been insensibly gaining ground, a practice which is averse to controversy, and seeks to hold a middle way between scepticism and asceticism. A certain Catholic and Christian standard has silently arisen which regulates the lives of numerous classes without disposing them to stand aloof from the political and intellectual movements of the day. They are, more or less consciously, the disciples of Balbo, and to a certain extent of Gioberti and Rosmini, and of all that Pleiad of men who inaugurated the revival of Italy before political differences had become embittered, and when the hope of uniting their religion and their country in a close embrace was not abandoned. Those men were patriotic without being irreligious. But the difference between them and their more recent followers consists, as I have said, in the fact that discussion is now avoided. For some years there has been a remarkable abstinence from polemics, at all events on the part of the laity. When any word has been spoken, it has been by some ecclesiastic, and it has been received in silence by the laity, who abstain from applause for fear of embittering a controversy which is theoretically exhausted, and practically not yet mature. Hence the sensible and open strife is only kept alive between the two irreconcilable combatants, the guardians of the sanctuary and its despisers. This complicates the position of those who stand between the two, and still more it makes the work difficult which they carry on in silence. The world which ignores their position really owes much to them; it is possibly through them that the horrors of a violent revolution have been averted. And although their action was ignored, it has finally made itself felt in the development of public life. It has modified the sphere of politics, it has created a more moderate and tolerant public opinion, even in its most liberal and advanced manifestations. It has finally influenced the government, which has become more temperate in its hostile action in ecclesiastical matters, an action by which Ital-

ian policy was distinguished in its beginnings, and which is now exchanged for a system which at any rate declares a truce, and seeks to establish a *modus vivendi*.

In philosophy the same thing has also occurred to some extent. As in matters of religion, Italy, without becoming Protestant, has sought to solve the questions which arise in accordance with her own traditions, so also in philosophy she has not been able to break away from them. Another cause has conduced to this practical effect. Italy, more than any other nation, was formerly prevented by powerful political combinations from associating herself with the philosophical movement which, when it first began, was full of hope and promise; she has become free at a time when that movement, as far as the moral sciences are concerned, is much slackened, if not altogether exhausted. Italy takes her place in the scene when the intellectual world, wearied and disheartened by metaphysical speculations, has turned its attention to the exact and natural sciences, and she is more occupied about practical work than about speculative and abstract thought. Italy has placed herself on a level with other nations by overleaping that period through which they passed during her political servitude; she also has marked its phases in her intellectual history by producing some able philosophers, but they stood apart from the general thought of the nation.

In adapting herself to the modern development of thought Italy has changed the character of her education, which is now chiefly devoted to natural science, applied and practical, whereas it was formerly given to the study of the classics and of speculative philosophy. This new direction tends to discipline the facility and versatility of mind of which we have spoken as characterizing the Italian. But the direction is not enough, and in the contact with former customs a state of transition has ensued in which education has become diffuse rather than thorough. It is less within the reach of all, and always more theoretical than practical. Instead of combining these two systems, the second usually begins where the first ends, and consequently there is more general culture than professional knowledge, both in science and art. Dilettantism, which should be discouraged by the scientific movement, is flattered in its turn by the new habits of political life; the periodical press and the platforms of public meetings afford great facility for

speaking and writing, and the necessity which exists under a representative government of expressing an opinion on every subject and every measure tends to maintain the habit of taking a general view of things which is opposed to profound and accurate knowledge, an indispensable condition of progress in scientific and economic science in our time.

And yet it is certain that intellectual life in Italy does not stand still. Of this, the diffusion of elementary instruction is an external sign. Even in her most barren age Italy has produced eminent men, but the class was limited, and so was their field of action; now they are more numerous, and their disciples have also largely increased. In scientific knowledge and instruction Italy may consider herself to be about to attain to the standard of other civilized nations. But this evolution is accomplished in accordance with the genius of the people, and certain subjects are more favored than others. For instance, the language, which long oscillated between *La Crusca* and the dialects, wanting flexibility in the former case and nobility in the latter, has of late taken a middle course between these two extremes, which makes our language more easy to handle and more adapted to our needs. Style has also been consolidated, and is equally removed from academic niceties and from vulgarity.

The same thing may be said of all other branches of culture, which, both in substance and form, become more perfect in proportion to their assimilation to the national genius. The evolution is slower and more difficult in those practical departments which have to do with the problems of public and private life. The most difficult step in this direction is that last and decisive one which indissolubly binds action to thought and speech in all those cases in which the one is perfected and becomes efficacious by means of the others, and thus determines the complete development of social and economic life in every nation.

This also takes place in a characteristic mode and measure. As Italy, when she obtained liberty of conscience, still maintained the traditions and tenets of the Catholic religion; as, even while relinquishing most of the modes of applying ideal philosophy, she has still preserved intact its essential thought, so the acquisitions which modern science has made of late she will gradually assimilate according to her own way of thinking.

This characteristic development will
LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVIII 2448

react on her institutions and customs. In issuing from the revolutionary phase, which was a rude shock to education and to the sense of national and individual responsibility, men will return to a normal state of things, and forget a phase which was in some respects as disastrous as the absolutism which preceded it. It is difficult to say what will be the fixed and normal point of this evolution, but it will certainly conform to the traditions of the past. There is a line of demarcation between the Græco-Latin and Teutonic peoples which will probably never wholly disappear. The first set before them art and the ideal, the second nature and reality. The Germans have indeed also their ideals, and they have assimilated the arts with the same diligence and with greater success than the Italians now apply themselves to the study of nature and reality. And just as the Italians have sometimes nearly ceased to seek art and the ideal, so the Germans have at other times cared less for nature and reality. But sooner or later a preponderating force leads both men and peoples back into their own orbit and proper sphere of action.

This power of education and assimilation exerts a great influence on their future, and corrects defects and excesses. As the influence and example of the Latins has civilized the Teutonic nations, so has the German influence been of use to the Latins. And in the struggle for existence, which no longer takes the form of slaughter and ferocity, that nation or individual will be most successful which can assimilate the qualities of others while retaining his own.

F. NOBILI-VITELLESCHI.

From Temple Bar.

PICTURES FROM AN ISLAND; OR, A
SUMMER ON THE BALTIC.

I.

WHO ever heard of the island of Rügen? I am tempted to say. Certainly no rumor of it has as yet reached the tourist world, for when I applied for a ticket thither at the famous office in Ludgate Hill, no one had so much as heard of the name! Through tickets and every information necessary to the traveller could be had for any one bound to Fiji, Timbuctoo, Japan, but this delicious island on the Baltic, this fairy spot a little to the north of cold, practical, ugly Berlin, this gem of gems, has been up to the present time as

completely ignored by the English travelling world as if it did not exist.

What is to be seen at Rügen, some will ask; what are the sights to repay us at the end of our journey? Mountains, waterfalls, hot springs, avalanches? Or if not these, what then? Well, to tell plain truth, the lover of sights had better stay at home. Rügen may be said to boast of none. If places can be compared with books, I would describe my island by saying that it is like nothing so much as one of Hawthorne's delicious romances, pure poetry from beginning to end, with a subtle, supernatural charm impossible to describe. But then for the lover of Hawthorne's stories, there are five thousand of an ordinary sensational novel. Long will Rügen remain caviare to the general world in spite of its quiet loveliness and poetic charm.

There are many ways of reaching this sweet place, but English travellers will most naturally prefer the route from Berlin *via* Stralsund, in order to see this latter, one of the most picturesque old cities of north Germany. Its crowning ornament, the fine old Rathhaus, has, alas! literally crumbled to pieces, and is being restored, or rather rebuilt, on the ancient model. Much beautiful and imposing mediæval architecture still remains, not only civil and ecclesiastical, but domestic. Nuremberg itself cannot show finer specimens of German dwellings of the olden time, and greatly to the credit of the Stralsunders they have kept up the tradition. Here are to be seen no glaring and painful contrasts, mediæval art and modern trumpery, side by side; but the houses these worthy townspeople have built for their own use and pleasure are in every respect worthy of the ancient models. You see here a façade so old that it has had to be saved from ruin by a new superstructure, there a brand-new house planned after the same fashion, and constructed almost as solidly. The modern dwelling-house of the Stralsund burgher is indeed, at least outwardly, an admonition to builders and architects. From the windows of Hôtel Brandenburg we see a vista of this kind façade after façade, of lofty proportions and imposing design, most of them belonging to the present day. An artist would find many a choice bit in his wanderings through these streets, and the churches of red brick are superb, veritable cathedrals without, although somewhat bare within.

And one attraction of Stralsund is that it is as German as German can be. No

tourist element, no foreign admixture. Stralsund is a town with a history, and the sturdy character of the Stralsunders may be gathered from this story. In the olden time the streets were not lighted, and a certain governor of the city made himself obnoxious to the burghers by ordering them on his own account to carry, each pedestrian, a lantern when out at night. The order should have been transmitted through their own Rath instead; so to spite the governor, on the first night after the issue of the mandate, the citizens, as bidden, provided themselves with lanterns but put no light in them. Thereupon the governor waxed wroth, and issued another command, namely, that each lantern should be furnished with a candle. Accordingly, next night the citizens did as they were told. The candles were there but the streets were as dark as ever, for not one was lighted.

The governor's rage rose, and he forthwith issued stringent orders that the candles should be lighted; nothing daunted, the townsfolk did indeed do as they were bidden, but hid their lanterns under their cloaks. Then the governor, under threats of his severe displeasure, ordered the candles not only to be lighted but to be exposed to view. Again the burghers did as they were bidden, but provided wicks so tiny that the light thereby produced was no bigger than that of a glowworm. The governor, seeing in what humor the people were, at last yielded to it, and the order was communicated to them in due form through their own Rath. After that time, the streets were properly lighted.

From the beautiful harbor of Stralsund, the little steamer "Hertha" starts for Rügen every afternoon (Sundays excepted) for my island. Pleasant enough in fine weather is this cruise in the smooth, clear waters of the Baltic, every part of the boat packed as close as close can be, but good humor and an accommodating spirit prevailing among all present. As I glance round at our fellow-travellers I fail to discern an English or even an American physiognomy — every one pure German, and for the most part German of Berlin. Delightful it was to see the enjoyment of these town bred folks, young and old, as they sniffed the breeze and caught sight of passing sail or shadowy islet. Our course leads us by a succession of bends and deviations within sight of the bare rocky island of Hiddensoë and through narrow creeks and firths into one small inland sea after another, *Bodden* as they are called; we are ever close to the land,

and stop here and there to set down passengers for this little bathing resort or that, boats coming out to fetch them. There is only one landing-place in the island, and to this, Polchow, we are bound. Most beautiful are the evening lights as we approach our destination, where the conveyances we have ordered on embarking await us. These are rude enough; for the most part open wooden carriages without springs, some without seats; and the jolting of an hour and a half over rough roads to Sassnitz, the final goal of the long journey from England, is not easily forgotten. But the good-humor of the people, and everybody's desire to please, make up for discomforts, whilst the sense of freshness and remoteness lend charm even to hardships.

At Sassnitz, where we settle down, we are as far removed from Cook's tourists, importunate ciceroes, and the routine and artificiality of modern travel as if we had reached the moon itself. And surely the moon were hardly more romantic and bewitching. There is nothing in the world I know of more fairy-like, dainty and refreshing than these little glades, dells, and glens bordering the pale grey northern sea. Under bowers of greenery and by moss-grown ways we pass from one delicious spot to another, now dipping into a tiny ravine where a streamlet purls over its pebbled bed, now climbing a gold-green knoll under interlaced branches of beech or pine, the ripple of the waves ever in our ears, the cool, still sea ever in sight.

Far away is the open Baltic, smooth this July day as a lake, and behind us the sunny broken forest, butterflies breaking the golden paths of light here, as yonder the broad expanse of blue sky and sea is broken by the silvery wing of the birds. We may continue our walk in these silent forest paths, winding higher and higher upward from the shore for several miles, till we reach the acme of Rügen scenery, Stubbenkammer itself, where the stupendous chalk cliffs, crowned with beech forests that tower above the sea, have a sublimity and beauty alone worth coming from England to see. Or we may wind down by tiny paths to the pebbly shore lying close under our feet. These chalk banks running sheer into the water, are rich with foliage and flowers; high above are luxuriant forest trees, whilst fringing the slope is a tangled mass of foliage and blossoms; we see the wild red-currant tree, the wayfaring-tree, the honeysuckle, eglantine, large blue campanula, chicory, antirrhinum, salvia, lesser celt's foot, deep blue

alkanet, marigolds, arnica, comfrey, with fragrant *Artemisia absinthii*, thyme, melilotus, and last, but not least, the exquisite grass of Parnassus. One especial slope of chalk bank was starred with these lovely little flowers, their creamy blossoms showing conspicuously amongst ox-eyed daisies, meadow-sweet, and other white flowers growing in its company. That little bank of one of the sweetest flowers in the world I shall not easily forget, nor is it the only unique remembrance I bore away from Sassnitz.

There are wonderful inland walks also, for Sassnitz is on the very threshold of the dense Stubbenitz forest, so famous in Scandinavian mythology. Leaving the village in the direction of the head forester's or Ober-Försterei (where fresh milk and bread may be had), we climb mossy ways cut through the wood, now passing open, park-like spaces, now dense beechen groves, here stately alders bordering a dark rivulet, till we reach a broad enclosure, with grass-grown walls, evidently an ancient circumvallation. From this high breezy ground, whence we get prospects of the far-away forest, distance upon distance from deepest green to pale dreamy blue, we dip into a deepcombe, the sweetest spot imaginable. To get down is not easy, so abrupt and slippery the little path; but once down, how enchanting, how rustic, how cool and quiet these regions!

It is afternoon, and high above, we have left the sun, which lies in golden streaks on the upper swards, and gilds the rim of the forest about us, not a glint reaches our cool, dusk world of shadow and greenery. We do not go any more into that warm upper zone, but ever dipping downwards, soon reach the babbling stream, and following its course we are led homeward by the daintiest woodland way. Indescribable indeed are the beauties and graces of these ancient beech-trees, many of the moss-covered trunks showing little tufts of flowers, the wood-sorrel, the ragged robin and other woodland plants having taken up their abode in clefts and openings. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than these hoary stems thus tasselled with little flowers and leaves. On the mossy banks sloping to the bed of the streamlet only grew ferns and large white fungi gleaming in the twilight. All was still but for the murmur of the wavelets purling over the stones.

It is such solitude and silence that lend to Rügen its chief charm. Now and then

we meet a group of holiday-makers like ourselves, no more. We feel thousands of miles away from the world, and as much left to ourselves as if the island belonged to us; no fences, no interdictions, no private ways. From one end of this delicious little kingdom to the other we may wander at will, affably welcomed everywhere, frowned at by none!

II.

ONE great charm of the Baltic Sea is the limpidity of the water. So clear are these quiet waves, that even at twilight when the light is subdued, we can discern every stone, every tangle, and patch of sand, as if it were noon. A passing sail makes the loveliest reflections. There are two little boats sailing past, but one belongs to the world of fact, the other to that of fancy, and that is fairest.

I was at first indeed sceptical as to the picturesqueness of Rügen from an artist's point of view, but the twilight of several successive days convinced me. It is not so much the sunsets, although these are gorgeous and beautiful, as the after-glow which would delight and enrich a painter. One night the sun went down in a clear sky, and we had one of those long, lovely twilights peculiar to our island. The heavens and sea were of one pure pale rose color that faded into violet, and looking seaward not an object broke these quiet harmonies, except a fishing brig at anchor, deep orange in color, and one far-off white sail. The water was smooth as a lake, and all was still except for the most musical little ripple in the world as the quiet tide plashed on the shore. This scene was all the more beautiful as we beheld it from under bowers of natural greenery, fragrant flowers growing close to hand, twilight, wood, sea, and sky, all making up a scene fairy-like and indescribable.

Rügen is a little land of poetry and fable. Not an inch of ground but is consecrated to myth, legend, or fairy tale. To the south of the island, so folks say and believe, may still be seen on clear days the remains of an ancient city buried in the sea. This is Wineta, engulfed on account of its luxury and sins, alike the Babylon, the Sodom and Gomorrah of these northern coasts. Its former splendor may be gathered from the columns and pillars still to be seen occasionally lying beneath the waves; human forms may be discerned also, tall, of stately gait, clad in flowing garments. Sometimes these phantoms are sitting in golden char-

lots, sometimes riding coal-black steeds, now moving about with cheerful bustle, now slowly and sadly following a funeral car.

In another part of the island existed till modern times a church dating from the princes of Rügen, and on its walls hung a beautiful picture representing Saint James. The inhabitants began to build a new church on a more favorable site, and thither transported the painting. But lo! next morning, there it was, hanging in its accustomed place. Three times it was removed and three times it was found next day in the old church, having transported itself thither in the dead of the night. At last the bishop decided to leave both church and picture undisturbed.

There is a little sprite helpful to sailors, called the Klattermann, who comes to their aid in stormy weather, and never deserts a ship in danger so long as there is a chance to save it. When the Klattermann abandons a vessel, the sailor knows that all is lost.

There is hardly an end to such stories, and Rügen is also the land of mirage, will-o'-the-wisp, and other atmospheric phenomena. The most famous mirage on record was seen in 1829, when a fair and stately city, supposed to be Copenhagen, was pictured in the sky. The mirage is only seen in autumn. The lunar rainbow, water-spouts, shooting stars, are also often seen, and thunderstorms are very frequent. Winds also rage there from the four quarters of the earth, and perfectly still days are of rare occurrence even in summer.

But those rare still days! Who can describe them, whether spent at sea or ashore? The tourist must then have recourse to his "Murray" (new edition), and make excursions in all directions, by steamer to Stubbenkammer, Binz, Göhren, Arcona, by road to Bergen and Putbus, also a delightful woodland drive through the Stubbenitz forest, to the Hertha See, — Stubbenkammer and the Königsthal. One and all of these places have peculiar charms; Binz its forest walks, and views from the Zagd Schloss; Göhren, delightfully picturesque dwellings and costumes; Arcona, a superb site; and Putbus, the once famous little watering-place of Putbus has attractions of its own. The great beauty, be it remembered, of Rügen scenery, is the perpetual combination of forest and sea. We are ever under lipping woodland coverts, and ever within sound of the quiet ripple of the waves. At all the places I have just named is accommoda-

tion for visitors, although Sassnitz is by far the most convenient place to stay in for many reasons.

Here we get our letters four times a day, we have direct daily communication with the continent—daily, both by road and sea,—and though we have neither doctor nor church, we are within a day's reach of both. It must here be explained that Sassnitz, now resorted to by hundreds of visitors during the season, has only of late years figured on the maps of Rügen at all. The happy notion entered some shrewd head of these parts—shrewdness is a characteristic of these islanders, combined with a phlegmatic turn—that if houses were built for people who wanted sea-bathing, they would come. Houses were built, and they have come in earnest, contributing greatly to the prosperity of the inhabitants. Indeed a wholesome lesson might be learned here by certain sections of English working folks. The population depends chiefly on summer earnings for winter sustenance, and I have been assured on excellent authority that want does not exist. One and all, like the ants, store up for the ungrateful months, when even the fisher must stay at home. How unlike the state of things I am accustomed to in the south of England, where a brief spell of bad weather throws the fishing population on to the parish or private bounty, and where workmen earning high wages count on out-door allowance in winter! In Rügen there are no workhouses, and no Lady Bountifuls. People look to themselves. The herring, flounder, and eel fisheries can only be carried on in fine weather. The sea-bathing season lasts not more than ten weeks. Yet I repeat, want is unknown, and the cleanliness, good clothes, and good looks of the people everywhere are quite striking. I have before alluded to the scarcity of doctors. But then, as some Rügianer informed me, "We never get ill here!" The presumption is that the rude climate has killed off the weak throughout successive generations, thus leaving the race to the strong. A sturdier, soberer set of people it would be hard to find, and as a rule the stranger may safely trust himself in their hands.

III.

WHEN Rügen had kings of its own, a young prince received from his father the south part of the island for his portion. As he surveyed his new possession, on the look-out for an appropriate site on which to build a residence, he came to a

height surrounded by trees, and the spot pleased him so much that he at once cried out, *Po de Buss*, which words meant, "Behind the bush." Here Putbus was built, and thereby originated the name of one of the most ancient houses in northern Europe.

I have said that Rügen has no sights, but I correct myself. Putbus is not only a fairy pleasure-ground, and a palace of art, such as poets have dreamed of, but a show place, generously thrown open to the world. In former days Putbus was the only seaside resort in the island, and in its way a Wiesbaden, but it has long been outrivalled by Sassnitz. By comparison indeed with the latter place, Putbus seems sleepy, dead alive, out of the world, hardly a creature in these beautiful linden alleys, the Kurhaus deserted, the streets grass grown, every thing betokening oblivion and neglect.

Yet the site of Putbus is fascinating in the extreme. From every break in the rich foliage of the park we get sight of the dreamy blue sea, whilst the park itself is a veritable Eden of fragrance, beauty, and shadow. We must come hither to see the linden-tree in its glory. The famous Unter den Linden of Berlin is like the painted alley of a child's toy box, but here each tree is a magnificent object tasselled from summit to base with pale golden flowers.

This park is indeed one of the most beautiful in Germany, and is made over to the public enjoyment by its munificent owner. In the midst rises his château, which well accords with the bright landscape around it. Pure white, with slender colonnades and a terraced garden rising above a lovely little lake, Schloss Putbus has a fairy, romantic look at one with its surroundings. The waters of the lake are crystal clear, and with its swans recall another made famous in verse. The poet tells us how

The swan on still Saint Mary's lake,
Sails double, swan and shadow;

a beautiful image, of which we are reminded here. Another verse of the companion poem to the one just cited, also comes into my mind:—

And in her depths St. Mary's lake,
Is visibly delighted,
For not a feature of these hills,
Is in her mirror slighted.

Exquisite are the pictures we have before our eyes as we wander from one end of these beautiful domains to the other,

verdure and shadow everywhere, and everywhere glimpses of the blue, glassy sea. But Putbus has more to show us, for this airy palace is a veritable treasure-house of art in which the stranger is free to wander at his ease. Pictures, statues, tapestries, antique furniture, mosaics, lacquer-work, carved ivories, Dresden and Sèvres china, and rare engravings, gold and silver plate, are here in bewildering abundance; indeed, if I were prince of Putbus, I should build a museum for them. I cannot fancy living the life of every day amid this dazzling show, here a Thorwaldsen, there a Canova, over against your writing-table a Velasquez, for instance a superb work, maybe, of Benvenuto Cellini, gold and crimson satin hangings making a blaze of color everywhere, hardly repose for the eye and the mind at all.

Outside, however, all is quietude and rest, and the weary brain-worker could not do better than betake himself to the linden alleys of Putbus for a summer holiday.

The big hotel looking on to the park is quiet and comfortable, and though the flesh-pots of Israel do not abound in Rügen, body and soul may be held together for a few weeks; sea-bathing may also be had here, though the sea is not at our doors as at Sassnitz. We get more distant, but no less lovely, views of it at Putbus.

Göhren offers as much romantic charm as Putbus, but of a wholly different kind. In this little village, on which we are landed after a two hours' sail from Sassnitz, we might fancy ourselves in Brittany. The Mönchgut, for Göhren is a village in the peninsula of Mönchgut, have preserved their own dialect, costume, and customs for ages, and are looked upon as descendants of the ancient Vends or Wends. I leave the question in the hands of the ethnologists, but one assures me that these fisher-folk of Mönchgut are of the same stock as the Bretons, which may well be, seeing how seafaring races travelled and colonized in the olden time. Certainly there is a strong resemblance between the physiognomy and brilliant dresses of those of Mönchgut and those of Plougestel and Bourg du Bac in Brittany. The pretty girls in Sunday gear to be seen at Göhren are as gay and naïve as the much-admired beauties of the little Breton colonies just named, both isolated from the rest of the population, as that of Mönchgut is isolated from the rest of Rügen. No engraving, however, gives

much notion of the brilliance and elaborateness of the women's dresses to be seen at Göhren on Sundays or a fête day.

In the first place it must be mentioned that almost every part of such a toilette is made by the wearer, and her dexterity goes even farther than this; not only are the excellent linens and cloths woven by a Göhren belle, the dyeing is her own. We find here a childish love of color which yet imparts to a costume, as a whole, very picturesque effects. The skirts and aprons, worn rather for ornament than use, are brilliantly striped, black and gold, brown and purple, or black with green and blue. The home-knit stockings are also bright of hue, but the gayest part of the dress is the kerchief and stomacher — the former not of home manufacture, but one of those cheap little woollen squares dyed all colors of the rainbow sold at German fairs; the latter, a piece of bead embroidery on which all the ingenuity of the wearer is expended. Each skirt has its appropriate stomacher, and some of these are pretty in the extreme: sky blue and white for summer, orange and black for winter, with an extra piece of display and elaboration for high days and holidays. The rest of the costume consists of a black velvet bodice under which is worn a linen tunic, and a high black headdress; ornaments, amber. Every girl has a *parure* of amber, which from the days of Homer has been a famous product of the Baltic.*

"La femme est toujours plus intéressante que l'homme," I once heard a Frenchwoman say, and I believe that certainly more interest attaches itself to the dress of the so-called fair sex. I will however observe of the men's costume that the peculiarity of it consists in the wearing of numerous garments, one over the other, several pairs of loose linen petticoat trousers, several shirts, vests, and so on. They are very fond of frills and buttons, but whether they have clothes-chests as capacious and as well filled as those of the women I had no opportunity of learning. One young wife displayed her wardrobe to me, and a very ample one it was, especially in the matter of gala dresses. Göhren is what our German neighbors call *malerisch*, i.e., picturesque from an artist's point of view. The village itself is very romantic, and the prospects on every side of great beauty. We found half-a-dozen German artists

* In former days, one of the amenities of the despotic government in Prussia was to hang every peasant who stole a piece of amber. Joseph II. annulled the law.

sketching out of doors; and the hotel close to them, yet embowered in greenery, promised comfort of homely kind. Whether letters ever reach the stranger in this remote spot I cannot say, but it is certainly as secluded as can be Sassnitz, a metropolis by comparison, yet at Sassnitz you cannot buy a box of pills or a pair of stockings!

Indeed one charm of these little holiday resorts in Rügen is their remoteness; and if Göhren is isolated from the world, how much more so is Arcona! you may indeed wait many a day at Sassnitz, even in summer-time, without a chance of getting there, and once there, you must lose no time in getting back. Imprisonment for a week or two in the lighthouse of Arcona might indeed be pleasant enough alike to the artist and the botanist, provided the weather were fine. But we can never count upon more than two or at most three fine days in succession at Rügen. Two days of brilliant sunshine and two days of downpour and hurricane, such is the climate of our little paradise. The wonder is that we find flowers in abundance everywhere, roses at Sassnitz close to the sea, and every bit of open ground at Arcona literally carpeted with them. I quote this description of Arcona from a letter I wrote at the time: "Past the hanging woods and flowery banks of Sassnitz we glide, this perfect afternoon, past the stupendous cliffs and dense forests of Stubbenkammer, from whose giddy heights we looked down on these glassy seas a few weeks back; past the tiny seaside resort of Lohme, nestled among the trees; then leaving, as it seems, our island far away, we steer northward in the open sea. Half an hour brings us within sight, not of Arcona itself, but of the bold headland from which the lighthouse is approached landwards. We have to alight here and climb a zigzag path cut in the chalk cliffs, to find ourselves, breathless with exertion and delight, on the sunniest, floweriest plateau imaginable."

A lighthouse generally has a dreary sound. We conjure up a picture of rolling breakers, bare rocks, and a forlorn prison-house in the sea. Arcona stands in the midst of golden cornfields, meadows carpeted with flowers, and dimpled green hillocks from which little green ways wind down to the shore. The scene is indescribably lovely. Far as the eye can reach are dim blue seas making sleepy murmur; around us waving corn and pasture, bright with thousands of flowers all bathed in warmest sunshine. The mas-

sive lighthouse tower may be climbed by those who wish to gain wider prospects. The corn is now being carried away, and picturesque are these rustic carts heavily laden with ripe wheat standing out against the pale azure of sea and sky. Fairylike rather than picturesque are the little grassy hills and glades leading from the high, open ground to the cool shadows of the shore; flowers, flowers everywhere, and many we are surprised to find growing so close to the sea. At Arcona the forests disappear, and we look across pastures and cornfields towards the little church of Altenkirchen. Here in the last century, the pastor-poet Rosegarten used to preach on Sundays to the fishermen on "the beach during the busy season of the herring fishery."

Here once stood fortress, city, and temple of the Vends, stormed by the Danish prince Waldemar in the twelfth century, when the worship of the four-headed Pagan god Swantenit was suppressed, and the cross for the first time set up in the island. Not a trace of these olden times now remains, except in cloudland. On certain days in the year, so folks say, the once proud city of Arcona rises from the waves, and for a time is imaged in the heavens, to disappear, as it came, by magic.

IV.

A FEW concluding words about this "breezy, flowery, fabled land."

Rügen is eminently a little land of sociabilities as well as of breezes, flowers, and fables. People who go thither for the purpose of making holiday, lay themselves out to please, and whether the stranger resort to hotel or lodging, he is sure of finding pleasant company. He meets all ranks of German society in these out-of-the-way spots, and no one keeps aloof from his neighbor. Little parties are made up for picnics, excursions, walks, and drives, and are enjoyed with acquaintances of a few days' standing; even the least sociably disposed yield to the prevailing spirit of friendliness. How long this pleasant state of things will last is problematic, for the poetic days of Rügen are doomed.

Alas! The railway now in course of construction from the old ferry (Alte Fähre) over against Rügen to Bergen, its little capital, must bring about many changes of an undesirable nature. Excursionists will very likely swarm over the island. The primitiveness now characterizing place and people will be gradually

modified. Travellers who visit Rügen a few years hence will no longer find a little Arcadia of guilelessness and poetry. I have mentioned elsewhere the splendid physique of the people, reminding us, except at Mönchgut, of our own south-country yeomen; doubtless the general robustness is partly to be accounted for in the sobriety of life. Public-houses or cabarets, properly speaking, do not exist, and of drunkenness, brawls, and riot, we saw not a trace. These descendants of sea-kings and pirates have subsided into quietude and repose, and in no corner of Europe is the traveller more secure alike as regards his purse or his person.

But the railway! If therefore any sketcher or botanist be tempted to Rügen, let him not delay, for the state of things I have described will in a few years inevitably be of the remote past.

M. B.-E.

From The Sunday Magazine.
MOUNT CARMEL.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

SECOND PAPER.

FROM the edge of the cliff which projects into the sea a fine view is obtained over the old fortifications, with the sea beating through arches of the old sea-wall below, and in the distance, four miles to the south, somewhat similarly placed, we perceive on its promontory Tantûra, where ruins still remain to indicate the site of the Biblical Dor. But this is beyond the limit of Carmel, and if we are to continue our examination of that mountain we must recross the plain for about five miles to the village of Isjim, situated at its south-western extremity, thus making the entire western side of the mountain fourteen miles long. From here a deep valley called the Wady-el-Milh, eight miles long, cuts right through to the plain of Esdraelon, thus separating the hills of Samaria from the south-eastern flank of Carmel. Isjim itself is a village situated on the site of an ancient town, and in the immediate neighborhood are many tombs of interest, rock-cut cisterns, and remains of ancient buildings, which would doubtless repay a full investigation. It is situated on the last spur of Carmel, about four hundred feet above the sea-level, and if we follow a romantic wady for about two miles in a north-westerly direction we reach one of the most interesting ruins in

Carmel—the Khurbet Semmaka. The interest lies in the fact that the remains were discovered here by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund of an ancient Jewish synagogue. Throughout the whole of Palestine eleven other ruins of ancient synagogues have been found. A striking characteristic of these buildings is their similarity in plan and detail of ornamentation. From this it may be inferred that they were all built at nearly the same time, and under the influence of the architectural taste then prevalent in the country, which was Roman; and it is probable from the method of their construction, and especially from the localities in which they have been discovered, that they do not date from an earlier period than the second century after Christ. It was at this period that the Jewish patriarch at Tiberias was the spiritual head of a community comprehending all of Israelitish descent who inhabited the Roman Empire, and it is only in Galilee, and more especially in the neighborhood of Tiberias, that these remains of synagogues are to be found. We know that under the reign of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 138–161, the Jewish colony round Tiberias became very powerful, and that many synagogues were erected in the villages belonging to that colony, most probably in imitation of the great works of the Roman emperor in Syria. Indeed, it has been stated that Simon Jochai built with his own money twenty-four synagogues in this part of the country. The fact that one should have existed in Carmel, comparatively detached from the others, shows that at this date, and perhaps for three or four hundred years after Christ, a Jewish community must have lived in Carmel, and that Semmaka may have been a Jewish town up to the fifth century, when the patriarchate became extinct, and with it the Jewish colony gradually declined, and the villages dependent on it were abandoned. It was interesting to stand on this spot, the last one probably inhabited by Jews on Carmel, and investigate the last remaining evidences of their occupation. These are, unfortunately, rapidly disappearing. The principal door of the synagogue, a sketch of which exists, happily, in the memoirs of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has since the visit of the survey nearly all been carried away, together with large portions of the walls of the building, the foundations in many places alone remaining. For the last ten years it has been used as a quarry by the neighboring villages of Isjim and Mum-

es-Zeinat, and in a few years not a trace will be left of the last Jewish town in Carmel.

One of the wildest and most romantic valleys in the mountain, called the Valley of the Bees, leads from the plateau on which this interesting ruin stands, to the road leading from Dahlieh to the Mahkraka, or Place of Burning. It deserves its name, for we observe hives of wild bees thickly clustered on the precipitous walls of rock which bound the valley on one side. Here I discovered some of the most perfect and beautifully arranged rock-cut tombs which I have seen in the country. As we debouch from the valley our path leads over a fertile upland, which gives us quite a new idea of the agricultural capabilities of Carmel, and enables us to account for the phenomenon of so large a population finding sustenance in the mountain as must once have inhabited it. Indeed, the popular conception of this highland region, probably derived from the misleading word Mount, is entirely erroneous, and as we ride over these copse-grown plateaus and observe the numerous indications of former cultivation and civilization, we can well understand how the beauty of Carmel was in old time a proverb, and how its inhabitants should have considered themselves favored above all other dwellers in Palestine. For the path along which we are now riding takes us through what was formerly the richest and most populous section of the mountain. It was probably here, and not in the traditional cave imputed to him, that Elijah had his residence; for we are approaching that spot celebrated in Bible story where he sacrificed before the prophets of Baal, and where tradition has placed the altar where he called down the divine fire, and which commands one of the most extensive and interesting panoramic views in Palestine, including almost every point of note in Galilee. Within the last year the Carmelites have erected a church on the lofty bluff where this event is supposed to have occurred, and which, rising abruptly above the plain of Esdraelon to a height of one thousand six hundred feet, forms the south-east angle of the mountain, and is a conspicuous object from far and wide. But a moment's reflection will convince us that tradition is not correct in assigning this lofty pinnacle as the scene of the occurrence, for we are told that the prophet "said to his servant, Go up now, look towards the sea. And he went up and looked, and said, There is nothing.

And he said, Go again seven times." Now there would have been no occasion for Elijah to have given any such directions to his servant had the altar been at the place supposed, for the sea is in full view of it, from Athlit to Cæsarea; it is evident, therefore, from the words "Go up," that the altar was at a lower elevation. The late Dean Stanley has conjectured that the spot might have been on a plateau a little lower down, where there is a well on the south slope of the mountain; but it has seemed to me more likely that it was in a sort of low amphitheatre, which, on account of its greater area, would have been far better adapted for so great a multitude as that which was assembled to witness the discomfiture of the false prophets, and which lies to the west a little below Mahkraka, and completely concealed from the sea view. There is a point within a few minutes of what would be the centre of this plain from which the sea is clearly visible. And curiously enough, hidden away in the brushwood, I came here upon a massive erection of square slabs of stone, each averaging eighteen inches square and eight or nine inches thick, which, placed on one another without cement, make a rude table about twelve feet long and four feet high.

I do not, of course, pretend that this was the original altar, which it is recorded was destroyed at the time, but I am at a loss to conjecture what purpose it could have served; and its position was so exactly that which might have suited the occasion, that the idea was suggested to me by finding it here, that it may be the remains of some erection put up in Jewish times to commemorate the event. There is a path leading from it directly to the Kishon, at the point where the Tel-el-Kussis, or Hill of the Priests, rises from the margin of the brook, and which owes its name to the tradition that it was the scene of the execution of the false prophets. This portion of the mountain was evidently the most populous and most richly cultivated in former times, as it is to this day the most beautiful. The rocky gorges which cleave it on three sides are densely covered with brushwood of the *scindianah* (oak), pine, *Lauristinus Caroli*, and many other trees, which, although attaining no great height, clothe the hill-sides with the brightest green, except where precipitous walls of grey limestone rock rise above the foliage. The undulating plateaus and the broad valleys are waving with the spring crops, though, owing to the scarcity of population, not a

twentieth part of the mountain which is available for agriculture is tilled. We ride for miles over the rich red loam, through what, in the spring of the year, is a flowering shrubbery. The landscape glows with flowers of bright colors, and there is scarcely a leaf we pluck and rub between our fingers that does not emit some fragrant aromatic odor. Many of the rounded summits in this sweet-scented wilderness are crowned with the blocks of drafted stone, with carved capitals, still standing in places one above another, and with fragments of columns showing now and then among the bushes, to mark the spots where a civilized and industrious population once lived; while in the valleys we are constantly stumbling upon the gigantic circular millstones used by the ancients. Many of these are eight or nine feet in diameter, two feet in thickness, and with a circular rim nine or ten inches high, to keep the oil from running out, while their centres are pierced with a hole a foot square. Hewn out of the solid rock are the wine-vats, ten or twelve feet long, and four or five wide, like huge sarcophagi, with receptacles below, also rock-hewn, for the juice to run into. Then we are amazed at the quantities of tombs and cisterns; the hillsides in places are almost honeycombed with these; the cisterns sometimes bell-shaped, with a circular orifice eighteen inches in diameter, swelling below so as to give them a capacity for holding an immense amount of water, and sometimes open reservoirs cut to a depth of twenty feet or more into the rock, and measuring forty or fifty feet on each side; the tombs, with the *loculi* often still perfect, with infinite variety of plan and dimension, sometimes containing as many as ten or twelve receptacles for the dead. In some cases, these latter are tunnel-shaped, when they are called *kokin*; sometimes they are sarcophagus-shaped; sometimes there is more than one chamber; sometimes they are closed by a rolling stone which still stands in its groove, sometimes by an oblong slab, on which the carved devices still remain. The entrance is generally down two or three steps, through a doorway under an arch, and the chambers are often twenty feet square. To investigate these ancient tombs and ruins, and copy the devices which are still to be found upon them, is an occupation of endless interest to the modern dweller upon Carmel. Some idea of the extent of these remains may be gathered from the fact that during last summer I visited no fewer than twenty

sites of ancient towns upon this mountain, six of which were formerly unknown, and this by no means exhausts the list; and that of these no fewer than twelve were situated within a radius of two miles and a half from the spot where I found the altar-shaped erection near the Mahkraka. If we include the ruins of others of which I have heard but have not yet visited, and estimate the whole population by the extent of those already examined, it cannot have been less than fifty thousand in the days when Carmel was in the zenith of its wealth and beauty. This period may possibly have continued until the conquest of this province from the Romans by the Saracens in the seventh century—for many of the ruins are clearly Byzantine—when the Moslem rule desolated the country, when the whole habitations which remained in Carmel were its caves, and its only occupants hermits and anchorites. During the crusading occupation, fortresses were built upon the mountain, and its wildernesses were again made to a limited extent to yield of their abundance; but this gleam of civilization was only of short duration, and it is probable that from the end of the thirteenth century until the beginning of the seventeenth, when the Druse warrior Fakr ed din included it in his conquest, it was again abandoned. The Druses tell me that when their first settlers came here it was a desert, and it is a curious fact that, so far as I have been able to discover, no Moslem village has ever existed upon the mountain proper. To that extent Carmel has remained uncontaminated, perhaps awaiting a new religious epoch for its restoration to new and better conditions.

We have now merely to ride along the backbone of the ridge from the place of sacrifice to the Monastery of Mount Carmel to complete our circuit of the mountain. It is a distance of fourteen miles; on our right, nearly the whole way, we look from a height of from sixteen hundred to seventeen hundred feet sheer down steep defiles upon the plain of the Kishon, across to the mountains of northern Galilee, with Hermon, and here and there a snow-tipped point of the Lebanon range, rising behind, and the sweeping curve of the Bay of Acre almost at our feet: on our left the eye follows more gently sloping valleys to the plain of Sharon and the Mediterranean. At every turn we come upon new beauties, and finally reach, at the head of the rocky gorge that enters the mountain behind Haifa, the old Crusading fortress of Rush-

mia, with its walls still standing, and its terraces indicating that it was probably the site of a still more ancient stronghold. From here we wind down a dizzy path to the plain, overlooking as we do so the groves of date palms which form one of the chief beauties of Haifa; the mouth of the Kishon, with the lagoons formed by that river glittering among the gardens; the old well where Cœur de Lion fought his celebrated battle with Saladin; the crumbling old fortress which dominates the town of Haifa, with its walls and roofs so dazzlingly white as to be utterly deceptive of its true character within; until, turning a corner of the mountain, we suddenly find ourselves among the vineyards of the German colonists, at the base of which runs their street of neat, red-tiled houses bordered with two rows of shade-trees, and on the plain behind it we see their ploughs and teams, in strong contrast with those of the fellahin, turning up the soil. As we look at this tidy village, transplanted as it were from Europe to the foot of Carmel, and mark the signs of modern husbandry upon its long-neglected slopes, it seems as though the first step towards its regeneration is already taken, and that the dawn of a brighter period may at last be breaking, after its long night of desolation and of gloom.

From The Athenæum.
BYRON'S NEWSTEAD.

11. BYRON having started for the East *without* setting his mother's mind at ease about the 1,000*l.* borrowed for his use at Cambridge (a matter on which she certainly had a right to feel strongly), Mrs. Byron is at Newstead, and bent on reducing the insufficient establishment, and paring down every cause of needless expenditure, so that her thankless son may have greater means for his foreign travels, or more money to spend on his return to England:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 11th June, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours a few days ago. On the 23rd of April last on his way to town it was agreed between Lord Byron and myself that he was to take Mrs. George Byron and the Miss Parkyn's debt of eight hundred pounds on himself that is to give proper security for the money before he left England, and that he was to pay Wyld the two hundred

pounds with the interest due to them also *before* he left England, *indeed he offered to leave the money with me* but that I would not accept of at that time as he said it would take nearly all the money he had about him. He likewise desired me to receive yearly from the Newstead tenants the sum of thirty-six pounds or forty if the property tax is now taken off, to pay Mrs. Byron and the Misses Parkyns the interest of the eight hundred pounds, till he returned to England or paid off the debt. He also desired me to get from the Newstead Tenants about ten pounds more to pay some trifling bills of his at Newark. As to my own fortune he insisted that I would purchase an Annuity with the three thousand pounds (which is all that is left) for my own life, he said he would have nothing to do with this money, as money transactions always made relations quarrel, and he would not quarrel with me for twenty thousand pounds. After all this I own I was much surprised to hear from you that my son had gone abroad without relieving me from the heavy burden of this thousand pounds, indeed I had not an idea but that he would do as he promised, do let me know what I am to do I expect you will advise me both as a friend and a man of business, if I can take any steps to secure the money, Wyld's interest is now going on and there is about a year and a half now due to him. As to my own fortune I certainly *never* will purchase an annuity with it but the money *cannot* be paid up without a proper discharge from Lord Byron as well as myself. The grief I feel at my son's going abroad and the addition of his leaving his affairs in so unsettled a state and not taking the thousand pounds on himself, I think altogether it will kill me. Besides my income is so small that I shall be ruined if the thousand pounds is not paid up; and to add to all this bad health is expensive, and a Bank at Newark has failed, Porkington [?] Dickinson & Co., and I have several of their notes. The keepers wages is twenty-five guineas a-year and ten shillings a week board wages. I hope I shall be able to save my son the expence of a female servant during the summer if something is allowed my servants for the additional trouble they will have in airing the House (or otherwise they will grumble) in winter there must be a female servant whether I am here or not, as it will be full employment for one to keep the fires in the different rooms in the Abbey part and to keep them in order, if that is not done the house is so damp that the furniture will be spoiled and the Paper fall off. Old Murray is I believe gone to Lisbon, when he returns he ought certainly be put on board wages, he really is so troublesome that I don't think I will have any thing to do with him, nor do I know what would be the proper charge . . .

Dr Sir, yours truly,
C. G. BYRON.

12. In another letter (dated Newstead Abbey, June 27th, 1809) to Mr. Hanson,

Mrs. Byron "protests against" "expences now incurred" uselessly at Newstead. The postscript of the epistle gives the following schedule:—

Four labourers in the garden besides	
Mealey and the Gamekeeper	£ 156 0 0
Gamekeeper's wages—yearly	39 0 0
Maintaining Murray Do	50 0 0
Maintaining female servant and her	
wages Do.	30 0 0
Wolf Dog Do.	20 0 0
Bear Do.	20 0 0
Taxes	70 0 0
Total	£ 385 0 0

13. If she persisted in her virtuous purpose of saving and scraping for her son's benefit to the end of 1809, Mrs. Byron may well have desisted at the turn of the year from the economies that could do so little for the satisfaction of the creditors, who, in his absence, assailed her with entreaties for the settlement of their long-deferred claims. Throughout January these demands became more numerous and angry. In February the bailiffs were in possession at Newstead:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 3rd Feb., 1810.

DEAR SIR,—The inclosed was brought here this day by two Bailiffs. Brothers is the Upholsterer that furnished the Abbey. I much fear there will be more of this sort of proceedings from others. I do not know what I am to do unless sending the Paper to you, as you will know what it means and how to act. I think it is time the estate was valued.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c. &c.,
C. G. BYRON.

14. Having brought plate, linen, and other household stuff from Southwell to Newstead, Mrs. Byron had reason to fear for the safety of her chattels in a house that seemed likely to be besieged by creditors before the end of the month:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 5th Feb., 1810.

DEAR SIR,—I forgot to mention in my last that the two Bailiffs that brought the paper here that I sent to you on the 3rd, stuck up another on the outside of the great Hall Door exactly the same, May I take it off? I dare not do it without advise, but it is extremely disagreeable to me as you may suppose.

What am I to do, in case of an Execution in the House, concerning my own property, as I have a good deal here, Plate, Linen, Wardrobe, and some furniture from my late house at Southwell. I would not answer for what may happen from others that Byron is in debt

to, as you may be sure this business is known and will doubtless be the talk of the country.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.,
C. G. BYRON.

15. Hemmed in and beset by "duns with their bills," poor Mrs. Byron bethinks herself of her son's publisher and of profits from his book. The "English Bards" is in a second edition, will be in a third edition next month. Surely the bookseller should have money for her son's creditors:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 10th Feb., 1810.

DEAR SIR,—I make no doubt but Brothers bill will not at all bear inspection as he would not send it in to you, I have it not nor did I ever see it, and I am greatly surprised that the amount should be *two thousand one hundred pounds* which it is as the summons is for sixteen hundred pounds, and you have paid five hundred pounds. I think that you ought to see there is no imposition. Lord Byron had great part of his furniture from Cambridge, and Bennet of Nottingham furnished a great many things in this House, and I really don't see that Brothers bill can fairly amount to so much money. I hear also that he is very poor. I shall have no objection to let Byron have my money if I can do it with any degree of safety to myself. Byron lent Lady Faulkland five hundred pounds, and I don't see as she has got a Pension of five hundred pounds a year, why she should not now repay the money. English Bards is now in the second edition and will be in the third next month, and when the third is sold that Book will have fetched some seven hundred and fifty pound, tho' that will not be clear, but the Bookseller will and ought to have a good deal of money to give you. I have not heard from my son since he was in Malta.

Dr Sir, Yours &c. &c. &c.,
C. G. BYRON.

16. It seems as though the bear, that three years since caused a stir at Cambridge, took to heart the confusion of affairs, for the "poor animal," as he is styled pitifully in the letter, died whilst Catherine Gordon Byron's troubles were thickening about her:—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 12th May, 1810.

DEAR SIR,—If my money cannot be procured for Lord Byron, surely any other Person would lend the same sum on Mortgage. I have reduced every expense here as much as possible, the female servant I sent off nearly a year ago, the day-labourer has been discharged some months, two of the dogs I have sent to the farmers to keep for nothing, indeed they wished to have them. I can do nothing more.

The Bear, poor animal, died suddenly about a fortnight ago. I much fear Bormer [?] will have sad confused accounts, and also Mealey who seems always stupid with ale. He has about ninety pounds of Lord Byron's money to account for, and God knows if he can give a proper account of it, but of this *positive* that they *both* shall, tho' I really cannot take the trouble to examine them till you arrive . . . as Mealey said he had none of Lord Byron's money left which makes me think all is not right there. . . .

Sir, &c. &c. &c., C. G. BYRON.

Mr. Mealey was the Newstead bailiff.

17. Another month, and the upholsterer threatens to sell the goods he has seized :

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 9th June, 1810.

SIR,— You will see by the inclosed that Brothers says the things here are to be sold in a fortnight. I think it right to inform you of this.

C. G. BYRON.

18. There is a note of pathetic fidelity in Mrs. Byron's avowal that she says nothing to the world of her son's affairs, and begs the lawyer to be no less discreet and reticent :—

From Catherine Gordon Byron to J. Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, 11th June, 1810.

DEAR SIR,— I have sent you the Keeper's receipt *we* have no stamps here. I would struggle with every difficulty to keep things together and God knows I have difficulties enough to struggle with besides bad health. I am hardly able to sit up to write this letter having a slow fever. What does Brothers mean? by saying everything is to be sold up here in a fortnight, that is, in about a week from this date, ease my mind on this subject. I never drop a word of my son's affairs to any one, and I hope you are equally careful—I suppose you have received my letter with Fanny Parkyns's enclosed.

C. G. BYRON.

P.S. If this letter is nonsense you must not be surprised as I hardly know what I am doing.

19. Having repeatedly urged Byron, before he went to Greece, to sell Newstead, the lawyer made the state of affairs at the Abbey an occasion for repeating the distasteful advice. Here is Byron's reply, dated from Athens :—

From Lord Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Athens, Nov. 11, 1810.

DEAR SIR,— Yours arrived on the first Inst., it tells me I am ruined.— It is in the power of God, the Devil, and Man, to make me poor and miserable, but neither the second nor third shall make me sell Newstead, and by

aid of the first I will persevere in this resolution. . . . My "fathers' house shall not be made a den of thieves."— Newstead shall not be sold. I am some thousand miles from home with few resources, and the prospect of their daily becoming less, I have neither friend nor Counsellor, my only English servant departs with this letter, my situation is forlorn enough for a man of my birth and former expectations :— do not mistake this for complaint however. I state the simple fact, and will never degrade myself by lamentations. You have my answer.

Commend me to your family. . . . I suppose I may kiss Harriet as you or Mrs. Hanson will be my proxy, provided she is not grown too tall for such a token of remembrance. I must not forget Mrs. Hanson who has often been a mother to me, and as you have always been a friend, I beg you to believe me with all sincerity Yours,

BYRON.

20. On his voyage back to England, with pockets so empty that he is compelled to write to Mr. Hanson for 20*l.* or 30*l.* to cover the charges of his journey from port to town, the poet holds to his purpose of keeping Newstead, and talks of joining "one of the armies :—

From Lord Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Volage Frigate, July 4th, 1811, Bay of Biscay.

DEAR SIR,— Expecting to arrive in a day or two and wishing to have a dispatch ready the moment of arrival I write to apprise you of my return. On the 2nd Inst. (two days ago) I completed exactly two years of absence from England, from London three weeks more . . . I wrote to you (by Wm. Fletcher) my determination with regard to Newstead, viz, not to sell it, by this I will abide, come what may; nor shall I listen to an opinion on the subject.— My affairs, I must own, seem desperate enough, I shall adjust them as far as is in my power, and (after procuring a recommendation and appointment on Lord Wellington's or Gen. Graham's supernumerary staff, which I am told I can easily obtain) I shall join one of the armies. In the mean time I am compelled to draw on you for 20 or 30 pounds to enable me to proceed from Port to London and pay the custom house duties.— There is a Bill of Miller's in Albemarle's [?] which also must be paid immediately on my arrival; I do not mean to reproach you, but I certainly thought there were funds to answer so small a draft when I left London, however it has remained in his hands dishonoured more than two years. However when I consider the sums I owe you professionally, I have nothing further to observe. I have made up my mind to bear the ills of Poverty. Two years of travel have literally seasoned me to privations.— I have one question which must be resolved. Is Rochdale mine or not? Can I sell it? and why if it will bring a sum to clear my debts is it not sold? Newstead is out of the question,

and I do assure you that if any other person had made such a proposal, I should have looked on it as an insult. The Annuities must be discussed as they best can, at least I shall relieve my securities by taking them on myself, if other means of accommodation fail. I enclose you Miller's bill, which I am most anxious to discharge, as he is a most respectable man independent of his profession, and if he were not, the affair of the draft is very disgraceful. — It shall be paid if I sell my watch, or strip myself of every sou to answer for it, and also the two years' interest. Indeed he has behaved so well in the business, and his letters to me are so forbearing, that I shall never be easy till I settle the business. — I remain with my best respects to all,

BYRON.

21 Having borrowed the money for his travelling expenses from port to town, Byron is soon under the necessity of borrowing a larger sum (40*l.*) of his solicitor for the journey to his mother's death-bed at Newstead. The date of the following note is in slight conflict with the abundant evidence that the poet left London on this occasion for Newstead on the night of August 1st, 1811, *after* receiving intelligence of his mother's death, which came to him within a few hours of the earlier intelligence of her serious illness. This slight discrepancy may be accounted for in several ways, the most probable explanation being that the note was written on the evening of the 1st of August, before the arrival of the news of the death, and was post-dated by a few hours either by design or accident: —

Lord Byron to J. Hanson, Esq., 6, Chancery Lane.

St. James's Street, Aug. 2, 1811.

DEAR SIR, — Mrs. Byron is in the greatest danger as Mrs. Hanson who saw the letters can apprise you. To enable me to leave town, I have been under the necessity of drawing on you for forty pounds. The occasion must excuse. Yours very truly,

BYRON.

22. The preparations for Mrs. Byron's funeral were in progress when the poet wrote the following letter from the house of death to his solicitor: —

From Lord Byron to John Hanson, Esq.

Newstead Abbey, August 4th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR, — The Earl of Huntley and the Lady Jean Stewart daughter of James 1st of Scotland were the progenitors of Mrs. Byron. I think it would be as well to correct the statement. Every thing is doing that can now be done plainly and decently for the interment. When you favour me with your company, be kind enough to bring down my carriage from Messrs. Baxter & Co., Long Acre. I have

written to them, and beg you will come down in it, as I cannot travel conveniently or properly without it. I trust that the decease of Mrs. B. will not interrupt the prosecution of the Editor of the Magazine, less for the mere punishment of the rascal than to set the question at rest, which with the ignorant and weak-minded might leave a wrong impression. — I will have no stain on the Memory of my mother. With a very large portion of foibles and irritability, she was without a *Vice* (and in these days that is much). The laws of my country shall do her and me justice in the first instance; but if they were deficient the laws of modern honour should decide, cost what it may, Gold or Blood. I will pursue to the last the cowardly calumniator of an absent man and a defenceless woman. The effects of the deceased are sealed and untouched. I have sent for her agent Mr. Bolton, to ascertain the proper steps, and nothing shall be done precipitately. I understand the jewels and clothes are of considerable value. . . . Your very sincere and obliged servt.,

BYRON.

23. That Byron had not been misinformed respecting the value of his mother's jewels appears from the appraisement at 1,130*l.* in "A List of Sundry Articles of Jewellery Valued for J—— Hanson, Esq., by Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, 1,130*l.*"

24. Byron's reasons for relinquishing the prosecution of the proprietor and editor of the *Scourge* appear from the following notes of

Sir Vicary Gibbs's Opinions on the Libel in the "Scourge" of March last.

Opinion No. 1. — Having regard to the time which has elapsed since the publication in March last of the *Scourge's* reply to Lord Byron's attack on Mr. Clarke, and to the fact that his lordship's unquestionably libellous attack on Mr. Clarke provoked the *Scourge's* reply, Sir V. Gibbs [dated from Lincoln's Inn, October 7th, 1811] discountsenances and declines to recommend proceedings against the author and publishers either by way of Information or Indictment.

Further Opinion No. 2. — Saying that if His Lordship determines to proceed against the *Scourge* he had better do so by indictment, Sir V. G. reiterates his opinion that to a jury Lord Byron's assault on Mr. Clarke may seem to justify the *Scourge's* reply, or at least induce them to think Lord Byron as the original assailant should not proceed to punish his libeller.

The particulars of a state of affairs indicated more or less clearly by Byron's biographers will enable curious and unimaginative readers to realize more vividly than they have hitherto done how life went at Newstead while the lord of the "vast and venerable pile" was on his pilgrimage, — while

in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams.

At the same time the vexations and humiliating annoyances Catherine Gordon Byron endured during her son's absence, through his want of filial solicitude and forethought, will be generally regarded as evidence that she was not without materials for a counter-statement to his reasons for thinking her an unsatisfactory mother.

From St. James's Gazette.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING IN THE PARKS.

THE inhabitants of London are not unnaturally proud of their parks; and in certain particulars they are worthy of the admiration which they generally excite. Large sums of money are annually expended in their maintenance and improvement, and the introduction of late years of partial landscape effects has been attended with considerable success. That these efforts are on the whole wisely directed can hardly, however, be said. We attempt at once too much and too little; and our inventive faculty must be at a low ebb if, as was once asserted by the poet Gray, the skill of the English in landscape gardening is their only proof of original talent in matters of pleasure. In one particular, indeed, we have not retrograded. The beauties of nature are, with us, ever more and more "assembled round the haunts of domestic life." It may, in truth, be questioned whether modern fashion is not inclined to "assemble" a little too much. Good sense—the universal foundation of correct taste—is never more gratefully manifested than in gardening; and it is wonderful how much can be effectively done with comparatively slender materials, as long as these are employed with an abiding sense of "fitness." Overcrowding is, however, the bane of the would-be-picturesque gardener. Whether by "carpet" beds or the close packing of blossom, the reiterated and tedious "massing" of color instead of its enlivening emphasis, he so outrages the modesty of nature that the other portions of the picture have to be raised to the same exaggerated tone. There is a growing tendency to introduce little "sets" of this character in many of our parks. They scarcely harmonize, however, with their somewhat prosaic surroundings, but rather provoke the disquieting commentary of

contrast. Sydney Smith tells us of the delight with which he once escaped from an "overdone" garden to an adjacent goose-common, and of the refreshing change he found in "cart-ruts, gravel-pits, coarse, ungentlemanlike grass, and all the varieties produced by neglect." A prim parterre overgrown with weeds is of course a sorry spectacle; but there is a *négligé* garment of nature's own putting on, than which nothing can be more tender and soothing. Even Bacon, with all his artificiality, desired a garden "framed as much as may be to a natural wildness;" and not only has unaided nature an instinctive leaning to the picturesque, but, left to herself, she speedily recovers from the effect of man's too much intermeddling. The commonest ditch or mound of earth will, after a time, borrow a kind of fitness and clothe itself in an apparel that shall make it no mean neighbor to more contemplated effects.

But perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the London parks is the unprofitable make-believe of their "lakes." That the landscape gardener realizes the magical effect of water in his picture is proved by the difficulties he will sometimes overcome to introduce it. But then the artist seeks to throw it into his composition in something after nature's own manner. In the parks, on the contrary, the authorities are content to make an excavation, to lay on a "main" and construct an outfall; and thenceforth it becomes a mere matter of annual account between a "department" and the water companies. Thus, we have the unromantic, stone-bordered trough of St. James's Park; the dreary Serpentine, with its "barren, barren shore" of unsympathetic gravel; the desolating Round Pond of Kensington Gardens, and the scarcely more interesting pool of the Regent's Park. Not a weed ventures to peep from the bosoms of these mysterious reservoirs; only the armed tittlebat dares brave their turbid depths. No waving reeds or sedges, no gathering beds of rushes, no graceful tufts of feathered grass, not an individual of the whole delightful tribe of water-side plants breaks the arid monotony of the shore. Everything is severe and uninviting, and the whole is unconsciously depressing to the spectator. Not so does nature deal with her watercourses. So impatient is she of restraint in this matter that the most formal of man's works are speedily reclaimed and naturalized. Not less failingly does the mimosa-tree indicate the wished-for spring in the desert

than the stooping willows and luxuriant bordering growth disclose the windings of a brooklet almost concealed in the hollow beneath. So great are the charm and refreshing suggestiveness of our English water-meadows, that we are apt to forget that their origin was as specifically utilitarian as that of the furrowed field. The narrow and precise channels, originally designed to subserve the baser uses of the farmstead, have become incorporated with the landscape which they diversify; and so harmonious is the blending that even the idea of man's handiwork ceases to be present. In like manner, the banks of canals are often completely naturalized, and in not a few instances they are beautifully clothed with flowers. On the other hand, the ornamental water in our parks is altogether denaturalized; and, though it must be supposed to be there as in some sort a representation of natural features, it can only be said to imitate nature most abominably.

It cannot be denied, however, that in recent years most picturesque additions have been made to the delightful vistas in which many of our parks abound. The suggestions of distance and the occasional surprises obtained by swelling ground and circuitous walks are entitled to much praise. An important element also is the introduction of a greater variety of forest trees: a real necessity in our capricious climate, which may be said to allow a certain annual average of foliage to be depended upon. The chestnuts, cruelly nipped after the too early promise of last March, have scarcely contributed to this year's greenery; and were it not for the sycamores, the planes, and the gaunt but welcome Lombardy poplars, London would at this moment be conspicuously deficient in refreshing verdure. The gradual dying off of the elms — a subject periodically referred to in Parliament, and as often set aside — is an evil for which there appears to be no remedy. Whether the cause of this lamentable decay is in the soil or the atmosphere seems to be not clearly ascertained; but it is to be hoped that some searching investigation may yet lead to the succor of the many stalwart boles that give dignity to the glades of Kensington Gardens. The more intelli-

gent portion of the public would cheerfully yield some of the garden oases of the parks, if by such a release of labor greater attention could be bestowed upon their forest-like aspects. In these days of luxury every balcony is turned into a garden, and every entertainment becomes a flower-show; there is the less need, therefore, to fritter away time and money upon mere prettiness. But timber belongs to history; its associations are inviolable; and to maintain it is the imperative duty of those who become its temporary guardians.

There is little space in which to speak of the youngest, but certainly the most wholly charming and graceful, of the garden landscapes of London. Seated upon a former marsh, with no adjunct of park-like scenery, and not without some surroundings which ask for concealment, the subtropical division of Battersea Park deserves to be more widely known and more largely frequented. Its diversified and picturesque effects have been contrived with consummate art; and in this instance the lake — widely departing from the cold formality of the Middlesex waters — is judiciously aided in the task of clothing its banks with a natural vegetation, while on its surface repose masses of lilies and other aquatic plants in careless profusion. Luxuriant maples, flourishing palms and yuccas, giant ferns and indiarubber plants, mounds and rockeries covered with "ice" plants, and the still quainter growths of the cactus family, impart a distinctively foreign character to the scene throughout which an unbroken chord of harmony prevails. The moorhen croaks with a complacent satisfaction which tells us that her nest is at hand; while the thrush desires no more peaceful home all through the year. If we could throw over the picture the enchanting hush that solitude alone bestows! A vain desire: seeing that the park was expressly designed for the recreation of the toilers whom tramcars and railways deliver at its gates. There are not too many London sights that need tempt the citizen from his bed at five o'clock on a summer morning; but the subtropical garden at Battersea — exquisite in its renewed freshness — is certainly one of them.